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PLUMMER AND BREWIS, PRINTERS, LOVE LANE, EASTCHEAP.

TO

JOHN JEFFREY O'DONNOGHUE, Esq.

Assistant Quarter Master General to the Madras Army.

My Dear Brother,

Having successively testified Loyalty to my King,* respect and gratitude to my Patrons and Friends,† attachment to my Flock,‡ and affectionate solicitude for the welfare of the ingenuous youth confided, through a period of twenty years, to my care and instruction,§ I now dedicate

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* Vide Dedication to Two Volumes of Sermons, published under His Majesty's especial patronage.

† See Dedication, by permission, of Sermon to His late Royal Highness the Duke of York;—and Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

‡ Sermons on the Divine Origin and Authority of the Christian Religion.

§ Lectures on the Leading Doctrines of the Christian Faith.

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enim munus reipublicæ majus meliusve afferre possumus, quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem, quid sit justitia, quid pietas, quid patientia, quid fortitudo, quam pretiosum bonum sit bona conscientia."—Forgive me, my dear Brother, if, in the absence of all other matter of self congratulation, and in the true *esprit du corps*, I thus "magnify my office." If then, on your return to Europe, you find me unbeneficed and poor; you will, also, find me contented and happy in my obscurity—unpractised in the arts of servility, and untaught to crouch at the feet of power.

What might have been the bright visions of your earlier days, and in what anticipations your ardent and generous spirit might have indulged, I cannot say; but they must, indeed, have been of a wide, I had almost said, a boundless, nature, if not already realized. Twenty-five years of honourable military service—the respect and good will of your superiors—the attachment of your brother

officers—and the affection of your family and friends, must, I conceive, leave your heart unwounded by disappointment, and your fame unsullied, even by a passing cloud.—You have thus left little for affection to desire on your behalf; save your safe and early return to your native land, and to the bosom of an attached and expecting family. For myself, I anxiously desire to renew to you, in person, the assurance of those sentiments and feelings, which your kindness and generosity to me cannot fail to have inspired in a not ungrateful bosom; and to cultivate, by personal intercourse, those endearing sympathies and feelings, which give to life its sweetest charm:—

> For when affection's claim I cease to hold,
> This hand be nerveless, and this heart be cold.

If I might covet for you one yet unparticipated blessing, it is that you may hereafter forget the cares and fatigues of Official and Military Life,

in the tranquil enjoyments of YOUR OWN SWEET HOME; and having served your God as faithfully as you have your Country, you may, in a green old age, descend to the house appointed for all living, in the full experience of that blessed "Hope which maketh not ashamed,"——

> Life's vesper star, which bright'ning to the tomb,
> Illumes its twilight, and survives its gloom.

With such wishes, I remain, my dear Brother,

Your affectionate and grateful friend,

H. C. O'DONNOGHUE.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
New Road, London,
May 20th, 1828.

PREFACE.

Much has been written both on the Law of Marriage, and on the Duties of Married Persons. Treatises on the former subject, are necessarily and chiefly professional; whilst those which refer to the more popular and useful topics of duty are strictly religious. It may, therefore, be presumed that there is yet room for an addition to this department of literature; in which so much of feeling and interest may be united with moral truth, as to render the practical design of the work more likely of success.

The present is a reading age; in which novelty, interest, and pleasure are the principal objects of

pursuit.—If we would address their hearts, or influence their lives, we must do so through the medium of men's feelings and affections.—Hence the following attempt to direct aright those feelings and affections, by a candid analyzation and developement of their nature, quality, and object. The passion of Love is too often treated with ridicule; or painted only as impetuous, headstrong, or vicious. But, surely, such a partial view of the matter, cannot but be unjust—no passion of the human mind is originally vicious; the fault lies in the excess, or the misapplication. It is the province of Reason and Religion to control, and to regulate, but not to extinguish them. If Love throw a radiance around the being it prefers, which dazzles the very senses, and misleads the mind; if a lively fancy, and a warm imagination, invest it with a fictitious, or an undue excellency, it becomes the province of Religion not to destroy, but to chastise that imagination; and to sober the splendours of fancy without obscuring them.

It is conceded that the ideas which most young persons entertain of LOVE, are both romantic and foolish; and it is not difficult to account why this is the case. LOVE is, too often, a proscribed topic, either of conversation or advice; all that is known concerning it is, therefore, derived from the fictions of Poetry, and the high wrought descriptions of Novels. Education is employed in directing, controlling, or reforming all the other passions and tempers of the human heart; but on this, it is systematically silent. Can we then wonder that a passion so stimulant, so powerful, so influential, shall, unguided, or misdirected, urge on to error, and to crime, the weak reason, and the generous, unsuspecting nature of youth? That there is a strong prejudice against the discussion of this subject is confessed; and when the peculiar delicacy attending it is considered, we cannot wonder that such a prejudice should exist. Even the most chaste and correct observations concerning it,

are apt to give pain; or, at least, to excite alarm in a delicate and pious mind. The delicacy and the difficulty of the subject are confessed; but we ask, is it fit, is it safe, is it not preposterous, is it not ruinous to the best interests of mankind, to leave the whole discussion of it to men of loose and abandoned character? is it wise to leave young persons to derive their notions and feelings on this subject, from the exaggerated, false, and wicked descriptions of it, with which modern literature abounds? Do not these descriptions daily seduce, mislead, and corrupt thousands of the young, thoughtless, and inexperienced? Is it not infinitely better, then, that we should innovate a little on the opinions, and feelings, and, as we think, prejudices, of the world, and break that mysterious and profound silence, which regards the discussion of this topic, as either indecorous or mischievous?

The Author of the following pages has long

hesitated on the propriety of giving them to the world anonymously;—but he prefixes his name from a conviction that, in so doing, he offers a pledge beforehand to his readers, that his pages contain no sentiment or expression inconsistent with the purest morals. Nor does he deem it inconsistent with his profession, as a Clergyman, to embrace any means or opportunity of giving a right bias to the mind, on any subject connected with the morals and welfare of the world.

Marriage the Author has ever considered as bearing intimately, not only on the happiness of individuals, but also on the prosperity and welfare of communities and states; he believes it to be the source of all industry, subordination, and government, among men. He, therefore, who shall succeed in rendering Marriage a matter of serious consideration, and not blind experiment, will deserve well of Society, and cannot offend against

delicacy, or religious feeling. On this ground, the Author feels assured that he need offer no further apology, for the humble Publication which now solicits the Reader's approbation.

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MARRIAGE.

Hail, wedded joy! thou fairest growth of all
That bloom'd in Eden, or surviv'd the Fall.
Thy leaves, thy flowers, thy fragrance, and thy fruit,
Though human lips were dumb, and song were mute,
Were cheap and precious still, whate'er the price,
Save of lost innocence, or Paradise;
Thy leaves,—with Love's immortal verdure green;
Thy flowers—the beauty of each marriage scene;
Thy fragrance,—is the buds of nuptial bliss,
The wife's first smile—the infant's earliest kiss:
Thy fruits—why name the loveliest fruits on earth,
A numerous offspring clustering round the hearth?
Oh! might the exulting theme exalt my song,
And the verse kindle as it flows along.

CHAPTER I.

THE subject of the following pages has been sung by the sweetest Poets; eulogized by the ablest of Philosophers, and has received from heaven both special appointment, and the approving blessing of the Divine presence. It carries with it the hopes and the hearts of men; it excites in

them the tenderest and the sweetest affections of which they are susceptible; it fills their breasts with the kindliest feelings; and affects the pious mind with sentiments of holy friendship, and religious duty. "Marriage," says the Apostle of its Divine Institution, "marriage is honourable in all." It was instituted by God, in the time of man's primitive innocency, as the means of his happiness, and the perpetuity of his race. In every age the wisdom of its institution has been felt and acknowledged. Men, by experience, have found that it is not good for them to live in a state of celibacy, and isolated selfishness. Marriage, however, does not restrict its influence merely to the individuals immediately concerned; it takes in a wide range of interests; and operates, with sensible influence, on the prosperity and well being of the world in general. Whilst it appeals to the feelings, to the heart, and to the interests of the humblest peasant in the land: it offers matter of important consideration to the Statesman, and the Student of Political Economy. It is intimately connected with the interests of Nations, as well as with the happiness of individuals. "Marriage," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the Mother of the

World, and preserves Kingdoms, and fills cities, churches, and even heaven itself. It is that state of things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. Marriage," he adds, "hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than a single life; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of joys, and fuller of sorrow; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love and charity; and these burdens are delightful."

Society is but a large family, and he will be the best member of it who is the most regular and conscientious in the discharge of his domestic duties; men being, in reality, only what they are at home. Here they act with unconstrained liberty; here the temper and disposition of the mind manifest themselves; and as the restraints of public opinion and self interest do not operate in the domestic circles, we may infer that the man is really what he here appears to be. The good husband, the kind father, the sincere friend, the benevolent master cannot fail to be a good citizen, and a loyal subject. He will carry his principles into every

situation: and display their tendency and their excellency in every station in which he may be placed. On the other hand, the proud, the haughty, the morose domestic tyrant, will be in Society what he is at home, save when interest may allure, or fear awe him into better conduct. It is, therefore, a matter of deep and serious importance that the duties and obligations of our domestic relations should be accurately defined, and duly impressed, in all their solemn obligation, on the hearts and consciences of men: and where can this be done more effectually than in the marriage state, from which all the other relations of mankind, as well as charities of life flow? On a due understanding and a faithful discharge of these duties depends not only the happiness of the parties themselves, but also the prosperity and the welfare of present and future generations. The marriage union is an important one; the most important of any we are capable of forming in this life, as it is not our own happiness only, but that of others also, that is affected by our conduct in it. It is an union not merely constituted with a view to the reciprocal benefit of the two persons who agree to form it, but exercising, likewise, a paramount influence on the manners and happiness of Society at large.

In the following pages it is not proposed to discuss the subject of Marriage in all its bearings: which would require limits far exceeding those of a necessarily restricted Essay; but we shall select such branches of the subject as appear most suitable to the end we have in view. These topics we shall treat in order, and though our pages may, thereby, assume somewhat of a systematic form, yet we shall endeavour that they may prove, ultimately, interesting as well as useful.

Our First enquiry shall be into the Design and Divine Institution of Marriage. There are, on this subject, two errors to be avoided—that which would degrade marriage into a merely civil contract; and that which unduly elevates it into a Religious Sacrament. The former error leaves it, as a matter of interest, business, or convenience, dependent solely on the caprice of individuals for its perpetuity. Such a view destroys, at once, its sacred nature, and the obligation of its sacred duties: throws open the flood gate of human passions, unrestrained by moral obligation, or religious principles. It, also, does away with the indissolubility of the engagement, and leaves men at liberty to part with their wives as they would with

their cattle: degrading women to the level of a domestic animal, ministering either to the comfort, convenience, or wants, of its sordid master. The practical inconveniences and evils resulting from this view of marriage are various and serious—How little pains will be taken to avoid with prudence, or to bear with christian meekness and submission, the trials of married life, when a mutual release from its duties and obligations can terminate them altogether! Is not this a bounty offered to vice, immorality, and domestic disunion? Let us also contemplate how seriously such a state of things must operate on the well being and comforts of the innocent children. Deprived of a Father's support, or a Mother's care; abandoned, in all probability, to the care of servants; destitute of education; children would then be left to the mercy of the world; to the supplies of accident; to the charity of the street; to the bleak and desolate waste; to the frozen hospital; to the inclemencies of the sky; to pine with hunger; to chill with nakedness; to linger with disease; and to droop with unkindness. Unrestrained by moral or religious considerations, it is to be presumed that they would follow, with too true a zeal, the vicious course

pursued by their guilty parents. The limits of virtue and vice would become undistinguished; and the respectability, stability, and honour of character which married life confers on individuals, would be henceforth sought in vain. The guilt of the parents would thus find its consummation and its punishment in the profligacy, dishonour, and misery of their degraded and wretched offspring.

When men, however, know that the situation in which they are placed is interminable except by death, they make up their minds to bear it with unrepining patience; or, they make those concessions, or adopt that line of conduct, which abate its discomfort. The very effort so to act is virtue and happiness—seriously to set about a remedy for present evil, is half its cure. Many families are now living in harmony and comfort, produced by the very knowledge that in themselves alone was to be found the healing ointment, and soothing cordial, for those wounds and heart burnings which else, by indulgence, had grown oppressively painful, and, ultimately, incurable. Let Marriage, however, be considered as only a civil contract, and such efforts to bear with patience, or to avoid with anxious care, or to conciliate with solicitude, will no

longer be made. Society will fall into disunion, disorder, and crime; the evil and malignant passions of our depraved nature will riot in uncontroled licentiousness; and this world exhibit only one mass of misery and wretchedness.

Whilst infidelity degrades, superstition unduly exalts Marriage into a Sacrament. This is not a theological treatise, and we shall, therefore, forbear any controversial arguments on this point. Our view of the subject is, in conformity to the old adage,

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

Avoiding the difficulties and inconveniences which attach to these two extremes, we take a middle course, and define marriage to be *a civil contract, under religious sanctions, and of divine appointment.* The former part of our definition leaves the parties themselves at liberty to choose, to judge, and to deliberate as to their future connection; it leaves to their own discretion the time, the circumstances, and the propriety of their union—But when once that union has taken place, no earthly power possesses the right to suspend, or to dissolve it, on grounds of mere convenience, caprice,

or pleasure. Until a writing be signed and sealed we may alter its provisions or stipulations; we may relax or tighten its conditions, so as to suit the views and interests of the contracting parties: but when once it is perfected and signed it must remain, ever after, unrepealed, and its conditions unaltered. Marriage is not a contract between two parties only: there are others intimately concerned in its stability and sacredness. Society, and the fruits of the union, are parties deeply implicated in its perpetuity and validity, and their interests are of solemn and important weight.

The DESIGN of marriage may be inferred, from the circumstances of its institution, to be the perpetuity, and the happiness of the human race. It may be scarcely necessary to say that we exclude polygamy from our ideas of marriage. In savage Nations, where the passions and propensities of man meet unrestricted indulgence, such a state of life, indeed, exists. Where, also, the religion of the Crescent prevails, it offers the indulgence of the crowded Harem to the sensual appetites of its degraded votaries; for unlike christianity the religion of Mahomet conciliates the support and the affections of its disciples, by an unopposed geatifi-

cation of their unhallowed desires, and by the prospects and promises of unbounded sensual pleasures. We are aware that some good, but, in our view, misguided men have vindicated the system which the better sense of mankind has stigmatized and condemned: * notwithstanding, we are well convinced that by whatever plausible and, apparently, well intentioned arguments Polygamy may be attempted to be vindicated, it is a state inimical to the virtue, and destructive of the happiness, and interests of men. The very nature of marriage points out the propriety and necessity of its restriction. Wherever Polygamy has prevailed, the higher and holier purposes of the marriage relation have been overlooked. The sexes have been degraded into the mere propagators of their species; † and the moral and benevolent intentions

* See "Thelyphthora, or, Treatise on Female Ruin," by the late amiable Spencer Madan. It is almost inconceivable how the mind becomes prejudiced and perverted, by its blind attachment to favourite theories. Warburton's "Credibility" shows how even a strong mind, well cultivated, and stored with the soundest and deepest learning, can maintain and vindicate the most absurd and paradoxical opinions in support of its favourite maxims.

† Upon the question of Population it might, at first sight, appear as if the restriction of marriage would operate unfavourably on its increase: but experience proves the supposition unfounded: and so

of their union have been entirely lost sight of. Whoever considers the Mosaic account of the institution of Marriage, will perceive that the happiness and comfort of mankind operated equally with the design of their propagation in the creation of woman.

> The World was sad—the garden was a wild,
> And man a hermit was, till WOMAN smiled.

Man is a social and rational being, deriving his chief of earthly happiness from the delights of society, and the interchange of thought. His habits and his nature alike proclaim, that it is not good for him to be alone. It is the interchange of the charities and sympathies of life which gives to human existence its real and only value. Man in a state of solitude, or even isolated luxury and affluence, would be the most pitiable and miserable of creatures.

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far the enquiry, as a question of Political Economy, admits of easy and satisfactory decision. Independent of positive injunction, there are, also, other considerations affecting the comfort, respectability, morals, and harmony of families which must be allowed to have great weight on the same side of the question.

In cheerless solitude, with none to bless,
Unshared his joys—unsoftened his distress;
Where he who feels the wound must pour its balm,
And the grief madden'd heart itself must calm.
And like a wreck abandon'd to the wave,
Must float unwept, unpitied to the grave.

Even in savage life, the love of home tempers the ferocity of his nature; and its sweet charities impart to his existence the only balm which can sooth his sorrows, or alleviate his misfortunes.

In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Happy is it for the afflicted sons and daughters of this world's sorrow, that God has permitted to them such an alleviation of its manifold afflictions. This, like the hyssop of old, sweetens the waters of bitterness. It mitigates, where it cannot entirely remove, the varied sorrows which so thickly grow in the path of life; for no attachment is so strong, no tenderness is so great, as that which is originated and cherished by this institution. Marriage cannot, indeed, remove the actual evils of life. Poverty cannot, whether in the married or single state, enjoy the pleasures of wealth; avarice, those of

generosity; ambition, those of moderation; ignorance, those of knowledge; vulgarity, those of refinement; passion, those of gentleness; nor vice, in whatever form, those of virtue. These evils marriage, it is true, cannot remove; nor are they removable by celibacy; and where these evils exist neither celibacy nor marriage can confer the contrary blessings. Grapes here will not grow upon thorns, nor figs upon thistles; nor can marriage, like a magical spell, confer knowledge, virtue, and loveliness upon beings who have neither. Where, however, the marriage union is formed on the ground of affection, regulated by prudence, much of happiness may, most reasonably, be expected. Here the most amiable, endearing, permanent, and useful, native affections of man originate; none others have originally any softness, sweetness, or loveliness; what would the world be without these affections!

Hail, nuptial bliss! man's fall could not destroy,
Love's first born hope, life's last extinguish'd joy;
For though primeval innocence declined,
Love, wedded love, remained to bless mankind.

CHAPTER II.

Of the various motives by which both sexes are influenced in their hopes and desire of marriage, it must be confessed that few, comparatively, will bear strict enquiry, or receive full approbation. Selfishness, like folly, is unfortunately too often bound up in the heart of man; and whether this principle be gratified by the attainment of rank, the possession of property, or the acquisition of any other merely human good, the heart which exclusively aims at self indulgence will, most probably, have to weep over its own disappointment. For it must ever be remembered, that the realization of hope is as frequently the realization of disappointment and vexation, as of satisfaction.

> Our very wishes give us not our wish.
> How distant oft the thing we doat on most
> From that for which we doat, felicity!

The attainment of our wishes is not, necessarily, the attainment of happiness. We as frequently mistake the object, as we do the means, of happiness. Marriage is the hope of many who can assign no definite reason, or motive, for its indul-

gence. It is a fairy land: the land of Promise: but what constitutes its felicity is to many, if not to most, an indistinct, and undefinable question. That which all desire must, they think, be good: and general consent has pronounced it the happy, as well as holy, estate of matrimony. Where no other motive appears, it may be said that the institutions and customs of society have invested matrimony with respect and consideration; and married persons with an importance not otherwise attributable to their rank and years. In all this society does well; her decisions, in this case, are conformable to right reason, good feeling, and sound policy. It might be difficult to point out every particular in which this respectful feeling manifests itself, but its existence is neither problematical nor unreasonable. To be the objects of this feeling is, doubtless, without any distinct consciousness in themselves of its existence, the ruling principle and motive of many.—They sigh after distinction and respect; and marriage confers them without reference to merit, or character.

With many, marriage is liberty. It has, indeed, bonds; but universal consent has pronounced them *silken*. To a certain degree marriage is

freedom; but it is often, on the female side, at least, servitude of the most degrading and mortifying nature. The restraints of home, and the watchful jealousy of the parental roof are wounding, degrading, and irksome to the self-conceit, and pride, and folly of youth. Arrived, as they think, at years of maturity and discretion, they no longer require the vigilant eye of parental superintendence. To such, a home of their own in which they may act for themselves, and display, without control, their vanity and self will: in which they may tyrannize over domestics, and surpass their parents in splendour, and their neighbours in extravagance, is an enviable distinction, and a most important acquisition.

It may be that, in these times, when much is said of domestic management, the young folks are eager to display their superior judgment and ability; they can make a better appearance on a limited income than the old people, and they burn with impatience for an opportunity to display their talents, and to win commendation. All this is natural. The present generation far excels its predecessors in wisdom and virtue, in the estimation of the young. Our grandsires are, however,

of a different opinion: which may manifest their folly and their error in the eyes of their wiser children.

INDEPENDENCE AND AN ESTABLISHMENT IN LIFE are objects of intense desire to all who have left the nursery. Very early marriage is, in our opinion, a serious evil. Acting under the impulse of headstrong passions, or caprice, or dissatisfaction, young persons, too often, prematurely rush, thoughtlessly and blindly, into engagements which, in after life, become matter of deep and painful regret. The fairy visions of Love's paradise now vanish; and the sober realities of life; its cares, its difficulties, and its positive evils soon lead to discontent, heartless repinings, and, worse than all, to a growing mutual indifference. Would that such cases were either rare, or only speculative; but the fact is otherwise. We every day see boys and girls at the head of families, who want discretion to direct themselves. No wonder that families are ill governed, children ill managed, and their affairs ill directed, when the helm is entrusted to unskilful and inexperienced hands. Is it possible, we would ask, that wives of sixteen, or eighteen years of age, should possess that discretion,

prudence, and wisdom so essential to enable them to govern households, rear children, and form their tempers and their principles? It would be well if young wives were humble and modest enough to place themselves under the guidance and direction of some prudent, well informed matron, as their friend and mentor. But of this enough.* A settlement in life offers an immediate exaltation in public opinion, independent of moral worth, or virtuous conduct. It is a rank obtained without exertion, and preserved, too often, independent of virtue.

* From these observations we are unwilling that it should be supposed that we advocate marriages deferred till fortunes shall have been acquired, or rank attained. On the contrary, we believe that such marriages seldom realize the anticipations which are formed of them. If an age must be stated below which marriages ought not to be contracted, we would fix it at twenty-five for men, and twenty-one for the female sex. This would find each party in the full vigour of all their energies, with some moderate acquaintance with the world; and with some experience and discretion in the management and guidance of family affairs. When marriage is unreasonably deferred, the heart, losing the elasticity of youthful ardour and hope, becomes blunted by the vexations and disappointments of life, and is seldom the subject of disinterested love, and genuine affection. The tastes, habits, and feelings, then become settled and fixed, are little disposed to accommodate themselves to the peculiarities of others.

We have yet omitted mention of one, which, too often, forms the chief inducement to marriage. Mercenary considerations, in many instances, lead to the contracting of this holy union. How often is the decrepitude of age with a large estate, and a handsome settlement, preferred to the manly vigour of youth, and to virtuous conduct when unconnected with a weighty purse? How frequently is the titled libertine a more favoured lover than the virtuous commoner? Nay, have we not, in our own day, seen the glitter of a coronet by its false glare rendering mental imbecility, and depraved passions considerations of no consequence, compared with the attainment of high rank and ample fortune?

Nor can we censure too severely that levity, inconstancy, and duplicity with which men act in the violation of the most solemn engagements, when, having won the heart and the affections of a deserving and amiable, though portionless, female; and disregarding all their vows and protestations, they lead a wealthier, though often a less deserving, bride to the altar. Honour, feeling, and religion, alike proclaim the infamy of the act, and the heart-

lessness of the wretch who can thus traffic in the most sacred engagements, with all the coolness of mercenary consideration.

> Could human eyes weep blood, or angel tears,
> For human error, stain their sinless spheres,
> 'Twere, sure, to see affections bought and sold,
> Just at the filthy market price of gold.

If the distinctions of rank, or the adventitious circumstances of fortune, could shut out the oppressive cares of life; if the pride and pomp of worldly distinction could lull the pains of disease; if the splendour of high life could shed one gleam of hope over a dying pillow, or dispel the gloom which broods over "the house appointed for all living;" if, in fact, human calamity and suffering could be averted by the sacrifice of feeling, affection, and honour at the shrine of human vanity and human greatness; then, indeed, but not otherwise, would we extend forgiveness to the guilty trafficker.

Less criminal, because less selfish and mercenary, though equally foolish, is the importance attached, by many, to personal charms. Sickness, we know, will dim the lustre of the brightest eye; and wither the loveliest flower. The hue of health and the

bloom of youthful vigour will, alike, fade before the noxious breath of sickness and disease. The verdure of spring, and the gaiety of summer must be succeeded by less pleasing seasons; but each season, to a pious and well regulated mind, offers its appropriate charms. If the flowers of spring, and the fruits of summer cannot continue in unfading beauty and richness, so neither can the graces of beauty, and the loveliness of youth.

> Behold, fond man!
> See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years,
> Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
> Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
> And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
> And shuts the scene. Ah, whither now are fled
> Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
> Of happiness?

But it may be asked, are we then to woo poverty, and to wed deformity. By no means. We do not disparage rank, and wealth, and beauty, and outward grace; we allow them to be valuable, and even desirable blessings: but we pronounce them to be, of themselves, unconnected with those gifts and graces which no adversity can destroy, nor lapse of time corrupt, most unsatisfying blessings,

and miserable comforters. We are not such stoics as to exclude all reference to personal appearance, or, pecuniary circumstances; we give them their full weight in our decision; and that weight is, by no means, trifling—but, after all, we consider these things as of very inferior and secondary moment.

> But unallayed
> The sight still pauses on a beauteous maid.
> Each glance still finds her lovelier than before,
> Each gazing moment asks a moment more.
> Yet then must intellectual graces move
> The play of features, ere we quite approve;
> Yet must chaste honour, ere those graces win,
> Light up the glorious image from within.

Were we to live always, or even generally, in public: were the ball room our residence, and the scene of our daily duties; were we to be happy, only in proportion as we secured public applause and admiration, then, indeed, we might be justified in our own conscience and in the opinion of the world, for expending all our care and concern on the dazzling pomps and vanities of life, and for making them the chief objects of our solicitude in our matrimonial alliances. But let us seriously enquire, how far does truth justify such a supposition? Do not the sober and important duties

which attach to us as Husbands, Wives, and Parents require that we should renounce, to a very considerable extent, the giddy pleasures, and the tumultuous joys, of public life? As rational beings, as heads of families, as men pledged to the performance of important and solemn duties, HOME ought to be the centre to which our thoughts, our affections, and our desires should ever turn. HOME is the seat of man's truest pleasure, as it is the sphere of his most important duties. The qualities which shed their kindliest influence over the domestic circle,

> Where all the tumult of a guilty world,
> Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away,

are those alone which should attract the esteem, and conciliate the regard, and secure the affection, of a rational, and sober minded man. He who desires a fellow traveller for a long and dangerous journey, where he hourly expects to meet with inconvenience, and difficulty; and in which the advice, and the sympathy of his associate is daily needed, will, assuredly, be careful to select a companion whose temper, tastes, and character are of that nature to afford him the consolation and the support his situation requires.

"Let us," says Gisborne, "consider the case of two persons, of unequal tempers and dissimilar habits, about to form an engagement for life, by which their whole future existence might be affected; what repugnance, on reflection, would they not mutually feel to such an engagement—especially if one of the parties was to be in a state of subordination to the other. How diversified, how strict, how persevering would be the enquiries of each respecting the other? Unless the dispositions, the temper, the habits, the genuine character, and the innermost principles were mutually known; what rational hope, what tolerable chance of happiness could subsist?"

Nor is it only temper and accomplishments that are needful; far beyond these, in value and importance, are PRINCIPLES and HABITS. Without attention to these the fairest promise of happiness will infallibly be blighted, and every other bond of confidence be found brittle and delusive. On what solid ground can a woman anticipate happiness for life, when she confides her person, and her property to one on whom the laws of God have no influence? Are the proud, the covetous, the ambitious, the malignant, the censorious, the world-

ly mind, the lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, likely to be the indulgent husband, the fond father, the kind master? Can he who habitually violates the precepts of the gospel, and lives in utter neglect of its authority, be reasonably expected to discharge the duties he owes to man, with more integrity than he manifests to Heaven? Let it also be remembered that he who is not under the habitual influence of christian principles, and conscientious as to its practical duties, is likely to have an unhappy and pernicious influence on the principles, conduct, and happiness of his wife. He who disowns, or neglects the duties of the station he now occupies, has no pledge to offer to his bride that he will more conscientiously respect the obligations of the new relations of life, into which he is about to enter.

Thus it is in life. An amiable temper, sound judgment, good sense, a well informed mind, correct taste, religious principles, united with the lighter accomplishments of a well educated mind, and blended with mildness of manner, and gentleness of heart, will be found the substantial qualities which cannot fail to win the affection, and

secure the heart. These constitute the essential qualities

> Of fellowship, fit to participate
> All rational delight.

Add to these a moderate share in the gifts of fortune, and the most boundless wishes of the human mind, must receive their complete gratification and fulfilment: but without the more enduring qualities of heart and mind, the favourites of fortune cannot enjoy happiness themselves, nor confer it on others.

Whilst, however, we condemn, with a just and and severe reprobation, the folly and guilt of those who sacrifice honour, and the best affections of the human heart, on the altar of Mammon, we must not be supposed to overlook, or to undervalue, the dictates of prudence. Love marriages, as they are called, usually terminate in bitter disappointment; the claims of a young and encreasing family will eventually force themselves on the attention of the parents, and, it is to be feared, that the vulgar considerations of discharging bills and meeting family expenses will prove a fruitful source of those bickerings and disagreements which, too

plainly, shew the incautious folly and heedless imprudence with which their union was formed—Love cannot clothe, educate, or maintain a family, nor yet satisfy the importunity of a distressed, or an impatient creditor—We would temper the ardour of passion by the sobriety of reason; and bring the affections of the heart under the control of prudence and discretion.

Something must now be said on the subject of parental interference and influence, in the settlement of their children. As judicious and christian parents will have selected with a due regard to moral worth, the society in which their children are to be associated with other young persons, so we shall consider the danger of irreligious, or immoral, connexions as very remote and improbable; yet that there is danger of injudicious and imprudent alliances no one conversant with human nature, can deny or doubt. Where integrity, and honour, and virtue are confessedly acknowledged to exist on both sides, a variety of circumstances may point out the impropriety and inexpediency of a marriage. In such cases the immaturity of youthful judgment must look, with confidence and reliance, to the less interested decisions of parental wisdom.

Acting under the blind impulse of passion and affection, youth too often consider the caution, and advice, and remonstrances of parents and friends as unwelcome, if not improper, interference —as originating in unjust suspicion and ignorance of character.—Love, however, it must be remembered, is not only blind to the real failings and defects of character in the object loved, but also exaggerates the virtues that do exist, and supplies whatever is deficient, by the creation of its own fancy. Moreover, when the heart has once received a favourable impression, and when the affections are once led captive, reason can act but feebly— She becomes spell bound, whilst the partiality of the heart throws a veil over numerous defects, or prevents the influence of prudent consideration. It is in such cases that the counsel, the wisdom, and the experience of the parent should operate to direct the judgment, and influence the decisions of the young lovers.

It certainly can never be justifiable that parents should seek to ally their children with those to whom they feel not affection, or contemplate only withdisgust, or repugnance. Parental authority cannot, in its reasonable or lawful exercise, extend to compel alliances, against which inclination, and

a sense of duty, protest; yet it is as readily conceded, that there are but too many cases in which parents might reasonably refuse their consent, from a conviction of the ill consequences, which, to them, appear likely to follow; and which they, from beingwholly disinterested and unprejudiced, are clearly enabled to foresee. Whenever young lovers seek to conceal the existence of their love from a parent's knowledge, they may be assured that, whether conscious of it or not, the desire and attempt at concealment, implies a secret suspicion, perhaps conviction, that their passion is either improper or imprudent.

The following extract from Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Time, relative to the Marriage of the late Sir Richard and Lady M——e, will, it is feared apply to very many other alliances, where the matter is one of calculation, convenience, or interest.—*Nomine mutato, de te fabula narratur.*

"Lady M—— was, in her own right, entitled to a fortune of £15,000, to be paid on her marriage. Her father, a gentleman of rank and estate, had by some mismanagement become extremely embar-

rassed. Sir R. M——, a man of family, but whose fortune was not large, cast his eye on her beauty—not totally overlooking her property. His taste was indisputably good: the lady being, at that period, every thing that could be desired! She possessed an ardent mind, great constitutional gaiety, and a sensitive heart;—to which were added, a most engaging figure, and a lovely and expressive countenance. Her father she loved dearly; and for his unhappy circumstances, therefore, her heart bled; but Sir R. M—— could make no impression upon it. On the contrary, he excited her aversion.—Thus her affections being unattainable, the baronet resolved, if possible, to purchase her hand, leaving her heart to some future opportunity! Hence commences the affecting narrative of her ladyship's wrongs and misfortunes, related to me by herself, in broken fragments, and at several times.

"I was not aware (said she) what caused my dear father's obvious unhappiness, and often was surprised at the pertinacity with which he pressed the baronet upon my consideration. I rejected him over and over again; still his suit was renewed, still my father appeared more anxious on his be-

half, whilst my mother seconded their wishes. My aversion increased: yet Sir R. M——'s assiduities were redoubled with his repulses; and at length I contemplated the leaving my father's house, if I were longer persecuted by these addresses. Though young, I knew the failings of my own character, which possessed not sufficient resolution to oppose its constitutional tendencies. Nature had formed me for all the pleasures and the pains which are alike inseparable from sensibility; I found a glow in every thought—an enthusiasm in every action. My feelings were always in earnest. I could love to excess, and hate to rancour! but I could do neither with mediocrity. I could be the best, or the worst of wives. I could endure any thing with the man I loved, but could not sit upon a throne with one whom I might detest. At length, I discovered the whole of my father's more than pressing embarrassments; and understood that Sir R. M——, had agreed to give up to him a considerable portion of my fortune, if our marriage was effected.

"This shock, to such a disposition as mine, was cruel;—and the dilemma was distracting, since it involved my father's ruin—or my own! Often,

as we sat at our family repasts, have I perceived that dear parent lay down the fork he was conveying to his lips, and turn away, to conceal the agitation of mind which might have betrayed to us his distresses.

"Gradually, I found that filial affection was taking the strongest hold of me. I thought, I could endure unhappiness myself, but I could not bear to see my father miserable. I weighed the consequences, and reasoned, so far as I possessed the faculty of reasoning; I saw his ruin or my own was inevitable! The struggle was, indeed, sharp —it was long—it was very painful: but at length filial piety prevailed over self; and I determined upon my own sacrifice. I communicated to my father, my decision to admit the addresses of Sir R. M——: but, at the same moment, I felt an indescribable change of character commence, which, from that sad period, has more or less affected every action of my life; I felt a sort of harsh sensation arise within my mind, and operate upon my temper, to which they had previously been strangers; my spirits flagged, my pursuits grew insipid, and I perceived that the ice of indifference was chilling all the sensibility of my nature. From

the moment of my assent, my father's disposition seemed to have undergone almost as radical a change as my own. He became once more cheerful, and I had at least the gratification of reflecting, that, if I were myself lost, I had saved a parent! But I must remark, that it was not so as to my mother—who, indeed, had never been kind to me. In due time the settlements were prepared, and my fortune, I learnt secretly, divided. The ceremony was about to be performed, and Sir R. M——, at that very hour, appeared to me to be the most disagreeable of mankind. There was a sort of uncouth civility—an abrupt, fiery, coarse expression, even in his most conciliating manners, which seemed to set all feelings of respect or cordiality at defiance. As to love, he was not susceptible of the passion, whilst I was created to enjoy its tenderest blessings. He was half mad by nature;—I had become so from misery! and in this state of mind we met to be united at the altar! I was determined, however, that he should learn by anticipation, what he had to expect from me as wife. 'Sir R. M——, (said I to him) I am resolved to give you the last proof you will ever receive of my candour; I accept you, not only as a husband whom I never can love, and never will

obey, but whom I absolutely detest! now marry me at your peril, and take the consequences!' He laughed convulsively, took me by the hand, and having led me into the next room, that ceremony was performed, to which I should have thought a sentence of death preferable. The moment we were united, I retired to my chamber, where tears flowing in torrents, cooled my heated feelings. My purpose in marrying was effected, I therefore determined that (if possible) I never would live an hour in his society, and it was two months before my ill fated stars compelled me to become the actual wife of the most unfeeling and abominable fanatic."

CHAPTER III.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

We have said, that the happiness of man, was the great design of God in the institution of Marriage: and so the world thinks. It is a fairy land, where the ardent, unthinking sons and daughters

of man, conceive no troubles to exist, and no griefs to dwell. But marriage, however the unsuspecting may deem it perfect bliss, has unquestionably, its cares, its anxieties, and its afflictions; and yet, with all these deductions on account of the inperfection of its state, we fear not to pronounce it, the perfection of human happiness. Let the present chapter be devoted to the consideration of this assertion.

"Marriage," said the great British Moralist, "has many cares, but celibacy has few pleasures." A state of unmixed good is not the lot of man. We are the children of an imperfect world; it is enough, therefore, if our cup have in it some sweetness, and if its preponderating qualities be sanative and exhilirating. Contemplating his future life of toil and sorrow, and his then present one of isolated enjoyment, God declared it was "not good for man to be alone." Exposed to the corroding cares, the keen felt sorrows, the bitter disappointments, the heart rending bereavements, which meet us in every step of our journey through life, who, unaided and unsupported, can conflict with these complicated ills? Who can brave, alone and unbefriended, the ingratitude, the envy, the

malevolence of the world? How can the weakness of our nature defy the shafts of calumny, or bear up with unrepining patience, or unshaken fortitude, against the varied calamities of human life, when the contest is to be maintained by an unsupported, solitary being? If the heart mourn over disappointed hope, or be wrung by the pangs of unrequited, or slighted affection; if we pine on the bed of care, or languish on the couch of sickness, who would not desire the sympathy of friendship, and seek to mingle the tears of affection with his own? Who does not desire for his last moments the tenderness of a bosom friend, and the attentions of unpurchased kindness, in preference to those of domestics, however faithful, or attentive? Pitiable, indeed, is he who passes through life

> With none to love him, soothe him, or caress,
> To nurse in sickness, or in health to bless;
> Partake his wealth, his poverty to share,
> Crown every joy, and lighten every care.

If, on the other hand, our path be strewed with flowers; if the sweet sounds of innocent enjoyment echo through our dwellings; if prosperity amplify our stores; if our corn, and wine, and oil increase; if our families be affectionate, lovely, and prosper-

ous; if we grow in honour, reputation, and esteem; who, we would ask, is so selfish as to indulge in solitary pleasures? Who would not rather augment his own happiness, by communicating its influence, and its delights, to others? and increase his already augmented stores, by imparting of their abundance to some kindred spirit? In this respect, he that scattereth, increaseth: his very joys become amplified, and his sorrows mitigated, by being shared with others: whilst the selfishness of unparticipated good, would only destroy the generous affections of a benevolent heart; or, the hopelessness of unimparted sorrow, destroy its elasticity, and wither even the buds of hope.

Moreover, how desirable and important it is, to have, on every emergency, a friend, on whose judgment we can rely, and in whose sincerity we can confide, let those testify who have cultivated any acquaintance with the world, its business, or its concerns.

How delightful, also, is the interchange of thought between kindred spirits;

> Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach,
> Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
> And spoil; like bales unopened to the sun.
> 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude,
> As exercise for salutary rest.

How desirable, moreover, is it to have a bosom into which to pour our joys, and an ear into which to whisper our sorrows: without the fear of being betrayed, or injured by the disclosure? To the weary pilgrim, who journies through the ills of this world, how sweet to have one resting place, where no disappointment embitters, and where no suspicion need be indulged. How delightful is the confidence of friendship, wherein no apprehension of its insincerity, or doubt of its reality, can exist.

> Poor is the friendless master of a world:
> A world in purchase of a friend, is gain.
> O, for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
> And elevating spirit of a friend.
> Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains?
> As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
> So men from friendship, wisdom and delight,
> Twins ty'd by nature.

And where, it is seriously asked, can the warmth, the delicacy, the sincerity, the perfection of friendship be found, unless in the marriage state? Here an identity of interest shuts out the petty jealousies and vexations, envyings and strife, by which the peace of less closely connected parties is broken in upon, or destroyed; and here, also,

where the parties are cordially attached, a oneness, or unity, of thought, of sentiment, of feeling, and of conduct will prevail. To possess a friend, inspired by the same feelings, actuated by the same motives, and seeking the same object, and by the same means, is, in our view, the one grand object of the matrimonial engagement;

> Unutterable happiness! which love
> Alone bestows, and on a favoured few,
> Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
> Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
> Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
> Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
> Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
> Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
> With boundless confidence; for nought but love
> Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
>
> What is the world to them,
> Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all,
> Who in each other clasp whatever fair
> High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
> Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
> The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

Thus sweetly sung Nature's Poet; nor less truly others who have touched the lyre, to the praise of wedded life; one, formed by the hand of Nature, to feel, and to appreciate, her most delightful

pleasures, and to luxuriate in the sweet descriptions of his own rich, yet chastened, fancy, has thus, well and beautifully, clothed in language, copious and rich as Parnassian dew, the feelings, and the sentiments of our hearts;

> High is the bliss that waits on wedded love,
> Best, purest emblem of the bliss above!
> To draw new raptures from another's joy;
> To share each grief, and half its sting destroy;
> Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
> Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd.
> To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
> Sublimest friendship, passion most refin'd;
> Passion to life's last evening hour still warm,
> And friendship brightest in the darkest storm.

To reap, however, the happiness of which marriage is the source, something more is required than the simple union of the sexes. "Men," says Mr. Burke, "are carried to the female sex in general, as it is the sex, and by the common law of nature; but they are attached to particulars by personal beauty," and personal qualities. As man is not an animal designed to live at large, it is fit that he should have something to create a preference, and fix his choice. This quality, varies in nature and degree; and is adapted to the different

habits, feelings, pursuits, and inclinations, of the various parties to whom it is an object of choice. This quality may be termed *social*, as inspiring individuals with sentiments of tenderness and affection towards each other; and where this social quality does not heighten and direct the general passion, then the nobler, and more rational design of the marriage union cannot be attained. The *qualities* necessary to the production of happiness in the marriage state, are chiefly of a *mental* and *moral* nature; those of a merely *personal* kind, as we shall presently shew, being precarious, and evanescent, and, frequently, weakened and impaired by enjoyment. The repetition of pleasure always palls the very appetite which first sought its indulgence. A wise and rational man, therefore, cannot but know that however gratifying to his vanity, may be the possession of fascinating charms and personal beauty, yet that possession is ever very transient, and, most frequently, very unsatisfying; like every thing earthly, it perishes in the using. It may minister to a momentary feeling of satisfaction, that our wives should be objects of admiration to the world, and should shine pre-eminent in the circles of fashion—but, we seriously

ask, is this all that we would desire in them? Are men so infatuated with personal beauty, and a fine appearance, as to forget that there are moral qualities indispensably requisite to a happy union? When the bloom of beauty, and the rose of health, wither before the approach of sickness; when the once sparkling eye becomes dimned, by sorrow; or the easy movements of a graceful form, become paralized by disease, where are we to look for comfort, consolation, and delight? The bitter blast will then have swept away all that delighted the eye, or gave pleasure to the mind; leaving nothing for our contemplation, but the wreck of beauty, and the mortifying recollection of departed admiration. Alas!

How soon the roseate hue may die,
On yonder lovely cheek,
And brilliancy forsake the eye,
That now does all but speak.

No man of common sense, it is presumed, can consider personal appearance as the only, or even as an important, consideration, in the choice of one who is to be his fellow traveller, and inseparable companion, throughout this world's weary pilgrimage. To gaze on a fine form, but with a vacant

mind, will do little to assuage the bitterness of misfortune, or to support the mind under its pressure. To know that our wives *have been* the toast of fashionable life, and have adorned our prosperity by their grace and beauty, are bitter recollections, when the glory of the one is departed, and the attractions of the other have ceased to delight. But a woman of good sense, sound discretion, elegant mind, cultivated understanding, generous feeling, amiable manners, and good principles, will adorn our prosperity, and console our afflictions; she will rise in our esteem, in proportion as outward considerations detach us from the insincerity and vanity of the world; she will cleave to us with increased devotion, as the servile crowd of our prosperity friends desert us: and, in the evening of life, when the attractions of frail humanity gradually die away, the qualities of her mind, and the affections of her heart, tempered by time, and mellowed by experience, will throw a steady light over our latter days, and gild, with their mild effulgence, our path to "that bourne whence no traveller returns."

O blest enjoyment, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, I wish you might be mine!
With all my prospects bright'ning to the last;
My heaven commencing, ere the world be past.

Much, we know, has been written on the subject of learned ladies; men, it is said, are not partial to women of strong understanding, they will not bear in any female, and least of all in a wife, the most distant appearance of rivalship. But let it, in candour, be said, that it is not her intellect, her understanding, her learning, or her acquirements, which are obnoxious; but the pride and self sufficiency which they too often engender, and by which her manners are rendered over-bearing, her temper irritable, her prejudices obstinate. Surely, however, arrogance, impatience of contradiction, reluctance to discern and acknowledge error, are not the usual, or necessary fruit of strong sense in the female mind. When talents are graced with simplicity, with good homour, and with feminine modesty, there will seldom be found a husband whose heart they will not delight. When the vanity, the ambition, the forward demeanor, and the sarcastic spirit, by which female wit and talent are too often accompanied, are laid aside; and gentleness and modesty, like twin handmaids, accompany a cultivated understanding, a polished taste, and a memory stored with useful and elegant information, then female learning will cease to

excite apprehension, or to kindle jealousy in any bosom. Nay, rather, they will increase the sum of human felicity, and domestic pleasures.

Such are our views of the happiness resulting from a well formed marriage: but it must be evident that as we allow mental excellence to be the principal of those qualities, which ought to form the basis of so close an alliance; and as the perpetuity and inseparable nature of it preclude either retraction or alteration of its engagements, and as no after experience of inconvenience, or change of opinion, can be permitted to dissolve the tie, so it becomes a matter of incalculable importance, that it be made with serious consideration, and on due reflection. Let, then, those who would marry, well consider that if marriage happiness be the most enviable, and the best of which man is capable in this world; so, on the other hand, is marriage misery the most dreadful of all ills. It admits not of diminution, intermission, or termination in this world. Hence, love at first sight, and ball room matches, are, usually, sources of endless misery: they are formed without consideration, and have their origin in a transient excitement of feeling. True love is founded on

esteem, and esteem is the result of intimate acquaintance, and confidental intercourse. How then can men rationally complain of disappointment, in a matter of such paramount importance, when they neglect the dictates of common prudence, and act in reference to the most important and sacred obligations of life, with less of prudence, foresight, and care, than men generally bestow on the purchase of a horse, or the hiring of a servant?

We have omitted to mention that *temper* is one of the most important considerations in forming the marriage union. If bad, it is the apple of discord which destroys every present good, and blights every promise of future excellency. If *good* it sweetens the cares of life, bears them with meekness and sweet placidity, and gives a beauty, and a grace, to every other lovely quality: it, moreover, compensates for the want of acquired graces, or literary accomplishments. A captious, peevish spirit; a mind full of suspicions, and easy of offence; a temper sour, fretful, passionate; ever on the watch to find fault, and to express dissatisfaction; which no attentions can satisfy, and no efforts please; rude in its language, scornful in its expressions, and unreasonable in its requisitions,

treating the old with disrespect, and the young with hauteur:—these are blights and deformities of character, for which no other qualities adequately can atone, or compensate.

Nor is it only the *quality*, but the *general similarity* of temper which must be regarded. Where strong affection prevails, a spirit of accommodation will prevail also. But it is not desirable that the spirit of accommodation should be subjected to very frequent, or very rigorous experiments.

Should the wife, unfortunately, be allied to a husband of irreligious character, it is incredible how powerfully his heart may be won over to the love of christianity, by the gentle and peaceable demeanour of his wife; whose virtuous deportment, suavity of manners, and diligence in duty, united with humility and unobtrusiveness, cannot fail to render her both respected and beloved; whilst they forcibly recommend, and beautifully illustrate, the loveliness and the influence of that religion which produces effects so holy, excellent, and attractive. Thus may the unbelieving husband "be won by the conversation of the wife, beholding her chaste conversation coupled with fear."

A fretful temper, is its own tormentor; but it is also a torment to every one around, and to none more than to the husband, or the wife, who may be exposed to its influence. No day, no hour is secure. No incident is so trifling, but it may be wrought up into a family disturbance. If it be commanded that "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor be put away," surely the injunction has an increased obligation on those whose interest, as well as duty it is, to obey it.

> Unsuited tempers, as unequal years,
> Oft dash the matrimonial cup with tears;
> Oh! heaven direct his choice who seeks a wife,
> When he must choose but once,—and that for life.
> Nor let him e'er confirm, with desperate breath,
> A choice which nothing can revoke but death.

With these considerations, we cannot but pronounce matrimony to be one of the most powerful and efficient promotives of human felicity. Love then becomes the most rational, as it is the most endearing, of human affections. It aids the grand design of God—the felicity of his creatures. To the attainment of this end, God, seeing man in his desolate, solitary state, formed woman as an "help meet," amid the difficulties and cares of

life, and the companion of his, otherwise, lonely solitude. Infinite goodness prompted an addition to man's happiness, while infinite wisdom suggested this as the best and fittest mode of increasing the bliss of his already happy condition;

> Needs must the power
> That made us, and for us this ample world,
> Be infinitely good, and of his good
> As liberal and free as infinite.

CHAPTER IV.

> Est mollis flamma medullas
> Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.———
> ——————————— Neque unquam
> Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
> Accipit: ingeminant curæ; rursusque resurgens
> Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.

We are now arrived at a point which requires delicacy and judgment, as well as feeling, for its discussion. It is not because foolish men, and weak women, have rendered it, too often, ridiculous; and wicked persons, of both sexes, have

perverted it, as the ready instrument to destroy the virtue and the happiness of the young: that we are, therefore, to consider LOVE as a foolish passion, or one unworthy of the best, and wisest among mankind. LOVE has been sung by the sweetest bards; and its influence been felt, and acknowledged, by the best of men. Its joys, its fears, its anxieties, and its hopes, have inspired the song of noblest verse, and given energy to the best efforts of the human mind. Under its mighty influence, the hero has gone forth, in all the pride and pomp of war, to battle, and to victory; has surmounted opposing difficulties; and won, from the hand of power and fortune, a deathless fame, and an imperishable glory.

> Oft hast thou proved e'en to the bold and wise,
> The spur to zeal, the soul of enterprise;
> Oft hast thou led the merchant far from home,
> An ocean pilgrim, round the world to roam;
> Oft hast thou led the soldier to the field,
> Adorn'd his sword, and garlanded his shield;
> The spirit of his courage thou hast stood,
> And fir'd his hero soul to deeds of blood.

In private life, it has sustained the heart of desponding melancholy, and thrown, over care and misfortune, the sunshine of hope;

> Which seems, with heavenly smiles and light rob'd form,
> Like mercy's angel in affliction's storm.

Blot this heaven born passion from our common nature, and you destroy, at once, both the main-spring of its exertion, and the anchor of its hopes: and, at one effort, terminate the reward of its toils, and the chief of its pleasures;

> Of life's sublimest joys, he knows but part,
> Who never held a place in woman's heart.

There is, we know, a cold phlegmatic philosophy, which would treat love as a foolish passion, beneath the dignity of man, and only suited to the weakness of woman; but of such philosophy, we are neither the disciples, nor the advocates. What the Deity has implanted in our common nature, cannot, in itself, be wrong. Perversion, or misuse, may degrade and stigmatize even christian truth. All nations, and all people, however differing in language, customs, habits, feelings, and religion, are yet agreed in owning the power of this master passion in the breast of man;

> Current in every clime, on every coast,
> In Afric's torrid heat, midst Zembla's frost.

Love exerts a powerful influence on the feelings, as well as on the opinions of the world. It

tempers the ferocity of savage life, and sways, by its magic power, the hearts of those whom nothing else could govern;

> Love refines
> The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath its seat
> In reason, and in judgment.

He who can contemplate the beauty, the grace, the delicacy, the loveliness of the female sex, with indifference or distaste, has lost that kind and better feeling, by which the rational creation is elevated above the mere animal world. We would judge, and that, we are convinced, most accurately, of the conduct, and mental qualities of men, by knowing the place which the female sex occupies in their esteem and opinion.

Love is the homage of strength to beauty. It is the apotheosis of beings, who, though naturally weak, are exalted by the attraction of personal charms, and the characteristic virtues of their sex, above the common level of humanity. Even religion appears to consecrate a worship, which presents to our veneration, what is purest and most attractive in nature—virgin innocence, and maternal affection.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows.
Authority, and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all
Greatness of mind and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Such is woman's portrait, sketched by a master's hand. What grace, beauty, and loveliness, shine forth in it! Who can behold it without admiration, and who can admire without loving

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow,
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance.

Embody as much of virtue, and honour, and greatness of soul as you can in the person of man; yet, if he affect to despise the passion of a virtuous LOVE, and treat it with contemptuous apathy, then does such an one proclaim his own shame, and confess that a generous feeling glows not in his

bosom. Dreary must the tenor of that life be, over which LOVE has not shed its genial influence; and, at some period, warmed into vigorous exercise the noblest passions, and the best feelings of the human breast.

> Is there a manly bosom can enfold,
> A human heart so wither'd, dead, and cold,
> As not to feel, or never to have felt,
> At genial LOVE's approach, its ices melt?

If there be a life, which even melancholy and misfortune had marked as their own; over which accumulated sorrow, and soul harrowing care have breathed their withering blast, yet the season of a generous love, recalled by memory to its fond remembrance, will offer to the drooping heart a grateful recollection, and impart, if but a transient, relief to its various and poignant sorrows; for

> E'en where Arabia's arid waste entombs
> Whole caravans, the green Oasis blooms.

Who is it that, in his youth, has felt a virtuous attachment, however romantic, or however unfortunate, but can trace back to its influence, much that his character may possess of what is honourable, dignified, and disinterested? If he recollect

hours wasted in unavailing hope, or saddened by doubt or disappointment; he may also dwell on many which have been snatched from folly or libertinism, and dedicated to studies which might render him worthy of the object of his affection, and pave the way, perhaps, to that distinction necessary to raise him to an equality with her. Even the habitual indulgence of feelings totally unconnected with ourselves, and our own immediate interest, softens, graces, and amends the heart and mind; and few are ever the worse for having felt, if but for a time, the influence of a passion, which has been well qualified as the "tenderest, noblest, and best."

To neglect the female sex, not only betrays a want of feeling, but is an act likewise of manifest injustice. Woman has laid man under many and infinite obligations; the debt due to her is incalculably great, and one which it is out of man's power ever fully to repay.

> The very first
> Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
> Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
> Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
> Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
> Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Let it be carefully observed, that the rank which woman holds in society, is not accorded to her merely by the homage of chivalry, or the impulse of refined feeling. It is the Christian religion which has vindicated for her, that high and pre-eminent rank which she holds in society, and in the world. It is here that she is represented as she is, lofty yet meek; patient in suffering, cheerful in affliction; dutitul, affectionate, brave, faithful, and pious; the pillars that support and adorn the temple of this life's happiness.

> Playful and artless, on the summer wave,
> Sporting with buoyant wing; the fairy scene,
> With fairest grace adorning; but in woe,
> In poverty; in soul subduing toils,
> In patient tending on the sick man's bed,
> In ministerings of love, in bitterest pangs,
> Faithful and firm; in scenes where sterner hearts
> Have cracked, still cheerful and still kind.

The page of history testifies, on her behalf. Some of the most affecting scenes, the most interesting transactions, the most touching conversations, which are recorded, have been those in which woman has borne a part. The crown of martyrdom has often been the object of her hope; and whilst her life has been more regular and uniform;

less agitated by the passions, the businesses, the contentions, the shock of opinions, and the opposition of interests, which agitate the other sex, and convulse the world; she has been winning for herself, in the faithful discharge of the quiet, unostentatious duties of her station, the gratitude of society, the love of her family, the testimony of an approving conscience; and, above all, the favour and approbation of heaven.

> With amiable defects of nature born,
> Wants that endear, and foibles that adorn,
> She by reserve and awful meekness reigns;
> Her sighs are edicts, her caresses chains.
> Why has she tones with speaking music strung?
> Eyes eloquent beyond the mortal tongue?
> And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,
> Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she?
> 'Tis to command these arts against our arms,
> And tame imperious right with winning charms.

The passion of love is universal. It glows in every breast. It influences alike the savage Indian, and the refined European. It nerves the arm of the hardy chieftain, as well as influences the bosoms of those who dwell under the soft canopy of cloudless skies. It is a paramount passion, giving courage to the timid, and prudence to the thoughtless; it blooms in youth, and sheds its fragrance over maturer years.

In childhood's dawn, when budding reason springs,
There the young passion spreads his cherub wings.

Of LOVE, the fond theme of poets, and the bliss of man, we must now discourse; but how are we to give a local habitation, and a name; an identity; a form, as well as an existence, to this master passion? How can we embody in words, and render cognizant, as it were, by human thought and touch, the thousand little endearments, the attentions, the playfulness, the gentleness, the wooings, the smiles, and the caresses, by which the wily God kindles in the breast the hallowed flame of an honourable affection?

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, tho' for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left.
A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids, than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown;
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
A sincere woman's heart,—for over warm,
Or over cold, annihilates the charm.

But how shall we embody in words, these kindling graces, this intellectual intercourse, these ama-

tory feelings? They shun the haunts of men;—like airy visions, they vanish in the day light of society.—Is it possible to paint the colours of Iris, or to arrest, in its rapid course, the thunder bolt of heaven? As easy would it be to express

> Th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
> The enticing smile,———
> the charming agonies of love,
> Whose misery delights.

Hither, then, let not the foot of idle curiosity intrude: for we will not minister to the wishes, or the gratification of the impertinently curious. Sacred be those moments, when

> Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
> Now from the virgin's cheek, a fresher bloom
> Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
> Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breaths of youth;
> The shining moisture swells into her eyes
> In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
> With palpitation wild; kind tumults seize
> Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
> From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
> Full of the dear ecstatic pow'r, and sick
> With sighing languishment.

Love, let it be remembered, speaks not in the common dialect of the world. Her language is

her own; peculiar, appropriate, and persuasive. Like the pass words of masonry, it falls, coldly and senselessly, on the ear of uninitiated ignorance. The side long glance, the affectionate squeeze, the anticipated wish, the kindling blush; these, and a thousand other unnoticed, but real existences, speak with irresistible energy, and sufficient eloquence, to a lover's heart.

There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not utter'd but betray'd:
A mute communion, yet so wond'rous sweet,
Eyes must impart, what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks, and meaning brows,
In one short glance, whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment, tells of many days,
In one short speaking, silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear,
O 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refin'd,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind.
Ah! cold are those who banter or reprove,
Th' enchanting trivialities of love!
The smile, the tear, capricious fond delays;
The sudden turn of the detected gaze.
The captive finger, press'd, as 'twere by chance,
And unwithdrawn, as 'twere from absent trance.
Lips saying no, while eyes acquaint you may,
Sweet admonitions after willing play.
Wiles, which can even before a mother woo,
The mother made a witless agent too.

Arch anger, that so prettily can take
Offence, for kissing reconcilement's sake.
Wild vows, mad menaces, demure replies;
Then all the tender discontent of sighs.
Romantic treaties sworn, to gaze, when far,
Each spangled midnight on a mutual star.
And the long look, at parting, backward cast,
The hopeless look,—perhaps, for hours the last!
Thus meekly kind, thus amorously coy,
Play courted maids; such courtships youths employ.
To them these nothings are momentous things,
And more to them than diadems to kings.

The life of LOVE, in its earlier period of existence, is one of sentiment, and imagination: the realities of this earthly world, destroy its delicacy, and endanger its reality. Angels fail in beauty, loveliness, and grandeur, compared with a lover's mistress. In whose presence,

The sun
Loses his light.————————
All nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
She is so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from this time infuse
Sweetness into the heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspire
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.

Over these subjects, too delicate and pure for the rude gaze of the curious, we now draw a veil: he who would understand them, must himself feel their influence: and as the votary of the God of love, must himself seek admission into the temple of hymen; and there innocently learn the affectionate endearments, and tender attentions of honourable LOVE. We are not stoics; we share in all the virtuous feelings of our common nature. We can conceive of the glow of virtuous passion, which thrills through the enraptured soul of him, who, contemplating the meekness, gentleness, and loveliness, of woman, "heaven's last, best gift,"

> With looks of cordial love
> Hangs over her enamour'd, and beholds
> Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
> Sheds forth peculiar graces; adorn'd
> With what all earth or heaven could bestow
> To make her amiable.

From the joys, descend we now, in dull, cold formality, to consider the proprieties and observances of Courtship.—We would, however, at setting out, observe that whilst decorum recommends the sobriety of passion, it excuses not coldness, nor apathy of heart. Reserving to the hours of privileged retirement, the *full* expression of a sin-

cere and warm affection, we do not consider that either reason or modesty requires, that the tenderness, and delicate attentions of pledged affection should be concealed, even in society.—Let the youthful lovers recollect

"Love droops, neglected; or, deserted—dies."

Without the display, however, we would have the reality of LOVE appear. A virtuous affection, and an honourable love, require no concealment; they need kindle no blush, for they imply no disgrace: but still we would rather infer their existence, from the thousand nameless delicacies, and the proper attentions of this exalted friendship, than have them proclaimed by the tongue of unthinking frivolity, or impertinent mirth.

True love is the perfection of esteem. It is not like the meteor blaze, which awakens transient hope in the breast of the tempest tossed mariner, as he traverses the vast expanse of waters, mid treacherous sands, sunken rocks, and night's dark shroud. A fainter, but steadier light, would better direct his course; and cheer his despondency, with the hope of ultimate escape from death, or shipwreck. So it is not vehement passion, protestations of eternal fidelity, vows of unalterable love,

which are calculated to awaken sweet hope, and kindle affection in the breast of a sensible, and judicious woman. She will look to the actions, rather than to the words, of man. She will remember how many vows as solemn, have remained unfulfilled; how many expressions as vehement, and as passionate, have been found empty and deceptive; how many former appeals, in witness of the sincerity and the reality of LOVE, have only been insult to heaven, and mockery to woman; she will in fact, exercise a prudent, jealous suspicion, lest her affections be ensnared by an unworthy, or a deceptive suitor.

> Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,
> So many of your sex would not in vain
> Of broken vows, and faithless men complain.

We do not, however, for a moment, wish it to be understood, that we disapprove of the warmth of a sincere love, or the expressed assurances of a generous and honourable attachment. He who woos woman coldly, or carelessly, is unworthy the blessing, and the prize he seeks; nor has he learnt the mode of access to the female heart. Nature has not so ordained it: reason requires, and God approves, that woman should receive from man that homage which

Her innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

require as her right, and, as the price of her affection. LOVE may, in the estimation of some, be a foolish game, but it is one at which wise men play; without shame, and, sometimes, without remorse. Its universality is, at once, its apology and its triumph.

Life's sweetest hours in virtuous courtship glide,
While virgin graces veil the future bride;
While hope prophetic deems the granted kiss,
The promise, pledge, and seal of future bliss.

A prudent, judicious, and virtuous woman, will distrust the language of adulation. "The fervent tongue, prompt to deceive, with its siren song, enchanting," will fail to deceive her. Honourable LOVE speaks the language of truth; and manifests itself best, in the homage which it offers to virtue, and to good sense. Flattery is insult to a woman's understanding: as it seeks her favour, by the compromise of her judgment, and, by pandering to her vanity.

Let, we would say to the youthful lovers, let no "clouded aspect" awaken suspicion, or sorrow,

in your breasts. Let your countenance ever beam with tranquil, if not joyous, pleasure. There will, no doubt, be circumstances and seasons when the countenance will be sad; when its own bitterness will discover itself: when care, and vexation, and disappointments, will dim the brightness of the eye, and destroy the freshness, and the fervour, of youth.—In such cases, feeling and delicacy teach us to conceal our sorrows, from the only being who can feel them as their own;

> Corroding every thought, and blasting all
> Love's paradise.

It were better to feign excuse for absence, rather than to excite cause of anxiety. A lover's heart is one keenly susceptible of joy or grief. Absence, if not too lengthened, operates beneficially. Interval of enjoyment is renewal of joy. In the hours of seclusion and solitude, the recollection of absent friendship, and grace, and loveliness, strengthens the growth of affection, and increases the fervour of true love; as when

> Fancy pours
> Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
> Her first endearments, twining round the soul
> With all the witchcraft of endearing love.

When love decks the object of affection with every grace, and partiality blinds our judgment, and leads astray our opinions, we are most apt to be unreasonable in our expectations. We cease to be men and women; we become invested with the attributes of a heavenly origin, and claim kindred with the skies. This is injudicious, as well as false. Ere long the passions will have cooled; the judgment will have regained its ascendency; the visions of imagination will have given place to the sober realities of truth; and the fictitious charms will be found of mortal growth: hence it becomes a duty, not to indulge in exaggerated expectations, as to the person, character, or accomplishments of each other. Disappointment may not only defeat expectation; it may create discontent, and prove bitterness to our comfort. Moderate anticipations are the most likely to be realised. Among the virtues which should shed their graces on a lover's character, we reckon a kind, and gentle spirit, of faithful admonition. We are as lovers, as men and women, frail and fallible beings. Love should, as a gentle mistress, train us to virtue; restrain the wanderings of the heart; soothe the perturbations of the mind; calm the tumult of

passion, correct the errors of an undisciplined, or immature, judgment; and mould the heart and mind to gentleness, benevolence, and goodness.—Reproof given with severity may awe, but it will seldom reform. Faithful are the wounds of friendship. Whilst the skilful surgeon probes the wound to its very bottom; ascertaining its real nature, and its whole extent, he omits not the healing ointment, to mollify the wound, and to mitigate its smart. So it is in life. Real friendship will deal honestly, but judicious friendship will so mingle the wine and the oil of affectionate, and kind, and gentle admonition, and so temper the severity of reproof, with the spirit of meek benevolence; so much of prudence, discretion, and fear of afflicting an already wounded spirit, will unite in this effort of sincere, but painful, duty, that, like the gentle rain, it will descend with such softness and delicacy, as not to break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

CHAPTER V.

——— Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast surviv'd the Fall!
Though few now taste thee, unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup:
Thou art the nurse of virtue;—in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.

MANY, undoubtedly, are the cares of married life. The husband and wife are not solitary individuals. In their welfare, are bound up the comfort and well-being of many, dearer to them than their own individual comfort. In them is centred the hope, and on them rest the confidence, the prosperity, and the happiness, of family and friends. Exposed to the daily mortifications, disappointments, and perplexities of this world,—no wonder if care cloud their brow, or anxiety wound their hearts:—many are their sorrows. Without, they have to conflict with the troubles of this world; within, are corroding cares, sleepless nights, anxious days. Sickness may invade their dwelling:

Rachael may weep, refusing to be comforted, because her children are not—or the widowed partner of a lengthened union, may mourn

"In the blank dream of hopeless widowhood."

All this, and even still added affliction, may be the portion of married life; and yet, we dare affirm, that matrimony has solid comforts, and remunerating advantages.

Dear is the tye that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire:
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life.

It may, moreover, be asked, is celibacy always a life of "single blessedness?" Have the unmarried no cares, no sicknesses, no wants? And, if they can plead no prescriptive right of exemption from the common lot of man, upon what bosom can they pillow an aching heart, or into what ear whisper their many sorrows? What mind will sympathise, with cordial disinterestedness, in all their varied woes? It is the married life which alone offers to us friendship without suspicion, and social intercourse without restraint. Sweet are the sympathies of kindred souls; sacred, as dear, are those of wedded life:

Unknown, unfelt, by those who ne'er have shared
The mingled cup affliction hath prepared;
And but imbued with bitterness, when given,
Unblest, unmixed, unsanctified by Heaven.

Yet, it is not in seasons of affliction, or in times of emergency only, that the happiness of matrimony appears,—it manifests itself equally in the even tenor of life; in those every-day occurrences, which happen alike to rich and poor. It is in the endearments of *home*.—Wherever the female sex is regarded only as the slave, or the mistress of man, there the enjoyments of *home* are but little known: but where she rises to her proper rank, and becomes his associate, and his wife, the conjugal relation immediately becomes one of the richest sources of happiness, and mutual delight.

Oh! the happiness of that couple, whose inclinations to each other, says Bishop Beveridge, are as mutual as their duties; whose affections, as well as persons, are linked together with the same tie! This is the chief condition required to make the state of matrimony happy, or desirable. For though it be no happiness to be beloved by one I do not love, yet it is, certainly, a very great one to be beloved by one I do. What joy and comfort

will it not raise in my heart, to receive expressions of love from her on whom I fix my affections.

> How far is *home*, in Fancy's picturing theme,
> In WEDDED LIFE, in Love's romantic dream!
> Hence springs each hope; there every wish returns,
> Pure as the flame, that upward, heavenward, burns;
> There sits the WIFE, whose radiant smile is given,
> The daily sun of the domestic heaven:
> And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
> Her looks of love emparadise the hour.

The influence which the wife cannot fail to exercise over her husband, is a power of no ordinary kind; it cannot fail to operate on his character, and conduct; and, that it should do so virtuously, is entirely within her own determination. In female manners, inspired by affection, and bearing at once the stamp of modesty and good sense, example operates with a captivating force few bosoms can resist. When the heart is won, the understanding is easily persuaded. It waits not for the slow process of argument, to prove that to be right, which it already thinks too amiable to be wrong. Her example, and her influence, successfully, labour in secrecy and silence, unobtrusive and unseen, in weaning from prejudice, in dissuading

from vice, in fixing the wavering, in softening the obdurate, in rendering virtue and holiness beloved, in extending the sphere of peace and happiness, and in preparing those on whom they operate, for higher felicity hereafter. If the wife be a prudent woman, she will never be led by the consciousness of her influence, to seek opportunities of displaying it, nor to cherish a wish to exert it in those matters which belong not to her jurisdiction. She will, moreover, remember, that the influence which has been won by artless attraction, may be lost by imprudent display, or its unnecessary exercise.

The artlessness, the winning tenderness, the affectionate kindness of an amiable woman, will render *home* attractive to her husband; and tend to wean him from other society; and gradually to conciliate, and firmly fix, his wavering love. They will, moreover, beget a confidence in her good sense, and an attachment to her person; so that mutual affection dispelling all suspicion, jealousy, or fear, the heart will pour itself out, without control, or apprehension; each only anxious to impart pleasure to its kindred spirit;

Devoting all
To love, each is to each a dearer self,
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power.

So sweetly and so appropriately has the poet sung our theme, that we shall dwell but on one other source of matrimonal happiness; but that the loveliest, the purest, and the most endearing,—

For though in Paradise our Parents fell,
And *Justice* moved the Almighty to expel;
Yet o'er that sad expulsion *Mercy* threw
One bliss the bowers of Eden never knew;
When in that new-born ecstacy of life,
The promised mother, sooth'd the weeping wife.
Lo, marriage-life! thy tenderest scene confest,
The matron with the nursling on her breast;
She in the prime of womanhood, her boy
Love's new-born angel, makes her heaven of joy.

The delights of parentage consummate the bliss of marriage. He who is not won by the innocence,

and smiles, and caresses of his infant family, wants the feelings of man, and is unworthy the blessing he knows not how to value.

Look how he laughs, and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his *mother;* while his little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent.

Yet, midst the gall and wormwood of her lot,
She tasted joys which none but woman knows,
The hopes, fears, feelings, raptures of a mother:
Well-nigh compensating for his unkindness,
Whom yet with all her fervent soul she loved.
Dearer to her than all the universe,
The looks, the cries, the embraces of her babes;
In each of whom she lived a separate life,
And felt the fountain, whence their veins were filled,
Flow in perpetual union with the streams
That swelled their pulses, and throbbed back through her's.
Oh! 'twas benign relief, when my vexed eye
Could turn from man, the sordid, selfish savage,
And gaze on woman in her self denial;
To him and to their offspring all alive,
Dead only to herself—save when she won
His unexpected smile; then, then she looked
A thousand times more beautiful, to meet
A glance of aught like tenderness from him;
And sent the sunshine of her happy heart
So warm into the charnel house of his,

That nature's genuine sympathies awoke,
And he almost forgot himself in her.
Oh man! lost man! amid the desolation
Of goodness in thy soul, there yet remains
One spark of deity,—that spark is—LOVE.

Were the anxieties and cares of life yet more severe than their experience proves them to be, still we contend, that the sympathy, and tenderness, and endearments of married life, are an abundant recompence for their pressure and severity. The interchange of opinion, unchecked by the coldness of reserve, or by considerations of prudence, here imparts a mutual passion, and kindles a reciprocity of feeling. The heart wantons in its own reserved disclosure; suspecting no treachery, and fearing no rival. This is a happiness which finds its chief bliss in the hours of retirement, when the pleasures of this busy world, and its corroding cares are alike forgotten—when the intrusions of company, and the insincerity of friends, have ceased to vex the heart, or disturb its equanimity.

His gladden'd smile endears an hour like this;
And *her's*, more sweet, reciprocates the bliss.

Nor ought it to be forgotten, that the perpetuity of the marriage contract, is also the per-

petuity of its blessings; the faithful wife or husband, is the faithful friend, born for adversity, who sticketh closer than a brother. In sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, she is pledged to be the unfailing stay, the kind friend, the indefatigable nurse, the faithful counsellor. When other sources of happiness cease to exist; when the friends of our prosperity fail; when afflictions bow down, and old age overtakes us in our earthly pilgrimage,

> Then she, in youth, to our embraces given,
> Survives our wealth, the crowning gift of heaven.
> She, still the same, howe'er our thoughts have rang'd,
> Firm in each trial—through each change, unchang'd.
> A bow of promise in each gathering storm,
> Our guardian angel in a human form.

The instances, and the strength of female devotion to the interests and person of the husband, are truly wonderful. This attachment, neither time nor toil, neither care nor anxiety, neither trouble nor disappointment, neither ingratitude nor neglect can overcome, exhaust, or discourage. Other affections become cold, wearied, and disheartened; are often converted into negligence or hatred. But this, like the celestial fire, in the Jewish temple,

burns by night and by day; and is, through this world, an everlasting flame, which cannot be extinguished.

Oh, marvel not that love like this be shown,
Tho' found, too oft, in woman's breast alone;
She, gentle creature, e'en to weakness fond,
Borne by her love all selfish thoughts beyond,
True to the last, unwearied by distress,
Soothes with her smiles the bed of bitterness;
Clings closest to man's heart when most forlorn,
The only one that deems it good to mourn.

CHAPTER VI.

"Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

As duty and happiness are, in this world, synonymous; and it is because men are, generally, so deficient in duty, that they are such strangers to peace and comfort, we will now, therefore, briefly consider what that conduct is, by which man may measure his earthly happiness, and by honest perseverance in which, the experience of after mar-

riage may not disappoint the sanguine expectations of youthful anticipations.

The FIRST duty of married persons, will unquestionably arise from that view of their union, which considers them "as heirs together of the grace of life," as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven."—They will consider this life, as only a journey to that better country, where they hope to live together to eternity.—Hence they will cultivate, not only in themselves, but also in each other, those christian virtues and tempers, that holiness and obedience, that grace and knowledge, which will promote their present happiness, and prove their meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. They will administer and receive each other's well meant admonitions, with faithfulness, wisdom, and affection; they will prudently avoid all those contentions and disputes, those irritating expressions, which, interrupt domestic happiness, and cherish unkind thoughts of each other: like Zacharias and Elizabeth, they will be "both righteous before God, walking in the commandments, and ordinances of the Lord blameless:" daily "provoking each other to love and to good works."

The next duty is, unquestionably, that of FIDELITY; in strict conformity to the marriage vow, "that, forsaking all others, the parties will, respectively, cleave to each other." Without this there can be no happiness; the marriage contract implies this duty; and it is one obligatory, with equal force, on both sexes. Where this is wanting, the bonds of marriage are immediately rent in twain; and religion and human law equally recognize the disruption of the contract itself, through a breach in its most important stipulations; nor let it be supposed that any arrangements of the world, or any opinions which it may form or promulgate on this subject, can be permitted to avail where the decisions of christianity are so positive and so plain. We maintain that the errors of the one sex, are as heinous in the sight of God as those of the other; but it is not so in that of man. Men may, and do, violate the sanctity of the marriage vow; ruin unsuspecting girls, whom they have first deceived by promises, which they are neither able nor willing to fulfil; destroy the comfort, the respectability, the welfare, and the happiness, of innocent families, by the seduction of the female parent; and yet these very men pass in society as

respectable persons; are associated, by common assent, with our virtuous daughters, and modest matrons; and find a ready admittance into good society. Can it be a matter of surprise that such evils as we have glanced at, should disgrace and degrade, injure and afflict society, so long as that society upholds and sanctions the vile adulterer, and purse-proud profligate?

As Christian Moralists, we must denounce that perversion of feeling which would apologise, extenuate, or soften down the criminality of men, whilst its whole weight of severity falls on the weaker sex. In our view, the duty of both is equally plain, and equally binding: and be the offenders of what sex they may, they equally sin against conscience, the obligations of their own vows, and the conditions of their own happiness. —A man of virtue will be not only virtuous himself, but the friend of virtue also. He will honor his wife, and show his regard to decency and morals, by refusing his friendship and acquaintance to those who bring contempt on virtuous love; and outrage decency by their vice, and disgrace marriage by their easy virtue.

Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be pass'd—and she, that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself,
By all that prized it: not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
Men too, were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. But now, yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Trangress what laws they may.*

* To those who are unacquainted with the accommodating morality of High, or, as it is called, Fashionable Life, the moral distinctions and considerations which prevail in it, would be incomprehensible and mysterious. A cast-off mistress, if she be of the privileged order, receives the respect which less initiated persons would infer, to be the homage paid to virtue and decorum: and it must be remembered that this equalization of virtue and vice, this insult to morality, this patrocination of depravity in manners and morals, is generally sanctioned by married ladies, who consider themselves in virtue of their married state, as exempted from what they contemptuously term, the precise strictness of Old Maids.

Could the guilt, the folly, the vanity, the extravagance, the shamelessness, the frivolity, the heartlessness, the utter degeneracy of Fashionable Life be laid open; could the pen of truth depict it in all its debasement and iniquity; could we penetrate into the various recesses of this mystery of iniquity; then would it be found that the Orgies of Bacchus, or the impurities of the Corybantic Festivals, never reflected a deeper or a more degrading stigma on the virtue of Roman morals, than the arena of Fashionable Life in London, does on the conduct and opinions of our nobility and gentry.

The marriage contract being one of complete equality as to the nature and force of its stipulations, may also be considered as one destructive of all separate interests, and as creating an identity not only of property, but even of persons. We may consider the husband and wife as fellow travellers on the road of life, who having pledged themselves to bear each other's burthens, to consult each other's peace of mind, and to concur, invariably, in the endeavour to render the journey as pleasant to each other as possible; neither of them has now his individual felicity in his own hands. No man liveth to himself. Life is a perpetual obligation to a discharge of duty from one man to another. But among married persons this obligation is increased in strength and importance; and bears more immediately on the welfare and comfort of the parties concerned. Their individuality being destroyed, they are henceforth to be regarded as possessing one common interest, one undivided object.

Love is a large duty—it is the fulfilling of the law: and he who really loves his wife will thereby discharge many duties, and fulfil many extensive and weighty obligations. Fidelity, of which we

have just treated, is certainly included in loving each other; but as it may subsist from motives of duty, independent of feelings of affection, we have deemed it worthy of special notice.

Let us now consider what are the elements of this LOVE; so extensive, so bounden, so essential a duty. I. It implies RESPECT. Character is essential to true-love; which cannot regard what is faulty or erroneous, but with diminished esteem. Virtue is the object of respect; vice, of contempt. When we behold stern integrity and unbending virtue, we are naturally disposed to respect their possessor. He may be a perfect stranger, known to us only by common fame; yet, if he be reported to us as a man of honour, probity and talent, the mind naturally conceives a feeling of approbation towards him. Some women, themselves highly talented, have been known to marry men of weak minds and humble talents, that thus they might acquire an ascendancy over them. But it is seriously asked, can such conduct comport with the good sense and honourable feeling of a wife, that she should for the gratification of an ambitious mind, be willing to ally herself with one whose imbecility and weakness must excite her contempt

if not disgust? The laws of God and man compel her obedience to her husband; and can she solemnly promise that obedience to one, whose opinions she despises, aud whose judgment she distrusts? Let it also be remembered, that the obstinacy of fools is proverbial, and that she may find it a far more difficult task to manage folly and ignorance, than to guide good sense and sound discretion.

The same reasoning will, in fact, apply to the husband. If he be an intelligent, well educated, sensible man, how perpetually mortifying to him to feel, by a thousand daily occurrences, that, though his wife may be a good nurse to his children, or a faithful steward of his property, she is yet incapable of holding rational converse, or of intellectual enjoyment. If husbands are to exact obedience, let them, at least, be worthy to receive it; and let the wife take care that the performance of her duty does not involve her in disgrace. Let both husband and wife mutually exhibit that kind regard, that attention, and that respect to each other in the comparative seclusion of their own home, which, in company, they uniformly practice towards others. The opinions, the remarks, and

the wishes of the one should meet with the favorable and indulgent attention of the other. They should mutually uphold each other's character and influence, by the manifestation of a respectful, kind, and attentive conduct; and in so doing they individually best promote their own.

II. Esteem regards what is amiable A man may have many virtues; he may be a good scholar, a rigid moralist, a true Christian, and yet not be a lovely character; and his temper and disposition may be harsh, unkind, and even forbidding; so that whilst we respect his strict honour, his unbending integrity, his even-handed justice, we may yet lament that the graces of character are wanting to complete his moral beauty. In the marriage state, we naturally pre-suppose the existence of those amiable qualities which conciliate esteem. Let then the husband and wife give every attention to the preservation of that mutual affection, which first determined them to be partners for life.

It is in the ordinary dispensation of Providence, that few pass through this world without trials and difficulties. But whilst their affection remains undiminished, let it be seen by each other, and by

the world, that whatever esteem or respect they are disposed to manifest to the world, or their immediate friends, is, with a promptitude evidently unstudied, more cordially shown to each other. Conjugal affection is a delicate plant. It cannot thrive under indifference or neglect. If time and enjoyment calm its fervour, they ought certainly to consolidate affection, and to place it on a firmer basis. Hence we perceive the folly of that conduct which invests the object of our affections, with graces and attributes more than mortal. Disappointment must terminate and embitter such unreasonable expectations. Our husbands and wives, however good, virtuous, or amiable, are yet mortal, and have the imperfections of their earthly origin: but still there are ten thousand graces and virtues, as strong to retain affection, as they were at first to conciliate it.—Let it be the endeavour of both parties to cultivate a kind and affectionate feeling; let not all the little acts of attention and kindness which first won esteem and marked the progress of attachment, be permitted to terminate when it is of most importance to preserve its endearment. The cares of life will sufficiently operate to cool and freeze the current of

affection; but a prompt and ready attention to every wish, an anticipation of every want, a well-timed offering, in memory of a wedding or birth-day, will revive affection, and warm the coolness which would otherwise steal insensibly over the heart and the affections.

Many females it must be reluctantly confessed, forget the old adage, "Think not the husband gained, that all is won," and by a slovenly negligence in their dress and manners, seem to manifest a careless indifference as to the preservation of their husband's approbation and affection. Neatness and cleanliness of apparel, and a becoming style of dress, always contribute to render a woman more attractive and engaging in the sight of her husband; whilst a loose, slovenly, or ill-made dress, or a carelessness in the mode of putting it on, will disgust a well educated man.

To preserve unimpaired the affections of her associate, to convince him that in his estimation of her character, formed antecedently to marriage, he was neither blinded by partiality, nor deluded by artifice, will be the uniform study of every woman, who is solicitous for her own happiness, and observant of the claims of duty. The strongest

attachment will gradually decline, if it suspect that it is received with diminished warmth.

It is possible, that in the progress of matrimonial life, the husband and the wife may each discover, in the other, faults which they had not previously expected. Intimate connection, and uninterrupted society, reveal shades of error in opinion and conduct, which in the hurry of spirits and the dazzled state of mind peculiar to the season of growing attachment, escaped even the vigilant eye of solicitude. Under such circumstances affection, like charity, will cover the multitude of sins. On which side soever the error may exist, let it be pointed out with a tenderness of manner flowing from the genuine warmth of affection; with kindness, with delicacy, and with prudence. Woman's heart, though it may revolt against oppression or haughtiness, is soon subdued by kindness, and won by tenderness.

> Let us no more contend, nor blame
> Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive
> In offices of love, how we may lighten
> Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

III. Love implies MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

Husbands and wives are but the frail children of a faulty parent. Every man has his peculiar virtues and peculiar failings. As no two faces are, in every respect, similar, so no two minds or dispositions.—Hence, every one is bound to respect, and to make allowance for the peculiarities of others; as, in return, he claims from others the same indulgence towards his own. A little forbearance, smoothens asperities, and kindles a kindly feeling in those, who, had they indulged in irritating recrimination, would have been deadly foes. Much allowance is to be made for the agitation of mind to which we are all subjected by the concerns of this world: but many are the cares to which the head of a family is exposed, in his anxious concern for the support of those who depend on him. In the midst of a thousand vexations, has he to earn that bread, which his wife and children may eat in tranquility. Should he, therefore, when he retires from this turbulent scene, omit a customary mark of affection, sit in silence, or even return a short answer to a civil question, let not the wife return in bitterness and strife, a querulous reply, or an ungenerous observation. Let her call forth all the tenderness, sweetness, and humanity of her

nature, and seek to soothe the wounded mind of him, who has been toiling all day with, perhaps, a special view to her comfort.

> The kindest and the happiest pair,
> Will find occasion to forbear;
> And something every day they live,
> To pity—and, perhaps, forgive.

A kind and judicious husband, will avoid all occasion of suspicion on the part of his wife, that any diminution has taken place in his affections, or that his eye is watchful to detect her faults. His conduct will be kind, affectionate and respectful; evincing the reality and strength of his affection towards her. Her infirmities he will patiently bear with; her errors correct; and to her petulance, capriciousness, or ill temper, he will oppose a meek and gentle, yet firm behaviour. Before her children and her servants, he will refrain from all severity of expression, or unkindness of acting. If when off his guard, amidst the little disturbances of daily life, he be betrayed into any real, or seeming unkindness, he should be ever ready to heal the undesigned wound, to make every ex-

cuse for the incautious offence, and to meet with benignity the first tender offer of reconciliation.

By this course of proceeding, affection will remain uninjured, and the petty disputes which produce, among married persons, the deepest injury to their happiness, be thereby avoided. It should ever be remembered, that the worst evils of life originate in trifles, and therefore the occasion of such evils should be carefully avoided; especially those senseless disputes, and irritating encounters about nothing, which frequently lead to alienation of affection. Let the wife particularly remember, that whoever indulges a litigious spirit on every occasion, ready to debate on every point, and anxious to have the last word, is pursuing a conduct which may ultimately drive her husband from his own home, into society and company, as a refuge from frivolous litigation, and incessant debate. Let both endeavour to make their house, not only their dwelling-place, but their HOME; a place where the mind can settle; from which it feels no temptation to wander; and where it may always calculate on finding those calm pleasures, those soothing kindnesses, those delicate attentions, which give to life a peculiar sweetness, and impart to the mind its tenderest recollections.

Among the duties which christianity enjoins on the observance of its disciples, is that of being "keepers at home." (Tit. 2, 5). Modern manners, however, have quite exploded this old fashioned precept; and the ladies of the present day, too often resemble those who "learn to be idle; wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tatlers also, and busy bodies."—Surely when the mornings are frittered away in idle and impertinent calls, and the afternoons in dining parties, the business and the duties of life must suffer a sad and injurious interruption; the mind grow listless and unsettled; home become dull; and retirement, unbearable solitude. Hence to dissipate ennui, and to fill up the tedium of unmeaning visits, all the news of the neighbourhood is collected; the character and the conduct of those around us scrutinized. Each tatler, anxious to surpass her friend in the quantity and variety of her information, indulges unbounded license to her conjectures; seizes the flying report of misapprehension or malignity, as an incontrovertible truth; and by embellishment and aggravation, seeks to render her narrative more interesting. And all, in revealing secrets, in judging with rashness, in cen-

suring with satisfaction, in propagating slander, and in various other ways, "speak things which they ought not." Now such habits and conduct as these just mentioned, destroy the affections of the heart; wither every virtuous and benevolent feeling; and effectually dissipate the peace, the tranquility, the order, and the endearments of home: which ceases to be the scene of attraction, and the bond of union. Under such circumstances, we cannot wonder at the total overthrow of all happiness, confidence, and affection between husband and wife. Those who would ensure domestic tranquility and comfort, must shew by their unaffected tenderness, by their attractive and winning manners, by their studied attention to the welfare and comfort of each other, that the cheerful tranquility of domestic pleasures, are dearer to them than the violence, the artifice, the selfishness, the turbulence of a life of gaiety and dissipation.

Honour is essential to perfect love; and implies confidence in our love and opinion, a dependence on our rectitude, and a reverence to our families. True love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it. Besides, the

judgment of a well-informed woman is often more unbiassed, and consequently more to be relied on, than that of man: it is freer from passion, and less likely to be warped by prejudice. Many a husband would have escaped ruin, avoided loss, or obtained his object with greater facility, or better effect, had he only made his wife his counsellor, and placed confidence in her prudence and discretion.

It is, we affirm, a matter of duty as well as prudence thus to act. Where can a more disinterested, or a dearer friend be found, than in the wife of our bosom? The husband may derive useful hints from a female mind, though it may not (from want of practice) be comprehensive enough to grasp the whole of his system. And if not, he yet gratifies an innocent solicitude to know something of affairs in which she is interested.

Surely, it is a false compliment to the object of our affection, if, for the sake of a transient uneasiness, we rob them of the comfort to which they are entitled, that of mitigating our suffering by partaking of it. All dissimulation is disloyalty to love. Besides it is an introduction to wider evils; if concealment be allowed in one point, where we thought the motive excused us, we might learn to

adopt it in others, where the principle was more evidently wrong.*

Such communications, moreover, contribute very much to keep up the warmth of a rational affection, as they honour the understanding of a woman; as they give her credit for taking an equal interest with her husband in his cares, anxieties, and labours: and above all, as in such deliberations, she feels herself treated as a friend. On the other hand, many a woman would have escaped disgrace,

* A correct acquaintance with her husband's affairs, generally, is absolutely needful to enable a wife to proportion her expenditure to her means: to avoid extravagant profusion, on the one hand; and a mean parsimony on the other. We would urge on the attention of the mistress of a family, a regular discharge of tradesmen's bills, as an act of justice both to themselves, and to their creditors. Seasonable economy will supply the means of benevolence to the necessitous, as well as a fund with which to reward the faithful services of sick, or aged, domestics. "The good management of a family, is a thing quite different from making a provision for the support of it. The former, in general, depends chiefly on the wife; the latter is the husband's province. In this manner the labour of life is divided, and if either neglect their respective duty, much confusion may be expected, which it was one design of the nuptial union to prevent. A good wife, therefore, instead of affecting to be above the care of a family, as if she were made only to dress, to visit, and to be admired, like a statue or picture, for her face or shape, will look well to the ways of her household, and not eat the bread of idleness

dishonour, and misery, had she reposed less security in the strength of her own principles, or trusted less to her own discretion.

> The wife, when danger or dishonour lurks,
> Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
> Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

The seducer of woman's honour and virtue makes his approaches, and most effectually undermines her principles, when she is left alone to contend with his artifice and wiles by her own unaided strength, and in the confidence of her own virtue. In this case, retreat were victory, and a sense of weakness the most impregnable strength. The enemy of the wedded pair, knew it were

> Hopeless to circumvent them join'd, where each
> To other speedy aid might lend at need.

Sympathy. Marriage is happiness, but it is earthly happiness; imperfect, liable to interruption, and, in some measure, dependent on the ordinary casualties of life for its suspension or diminution. But the adversities of life, do not fall with equal pressure on the single and the married man; the cares of the one are relieved, and his spirits soothed,

by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all around is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely, abandoned; and his heart, to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. It is in the hour of trial, and in the season of affliction, that the female character puts forth its energy and fortitude. No longer treading the prosperous path of life, woman becomes the comforter and supporter of her husband, under his misfortunes; abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity; so that she who, ere while, has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness,—who was man's ornament and dependent in his happier hours, becomes his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

There is, it has been beautifully said, in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire; but which kindles up, and burns and blazes in the

dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world; for these alone call forth the energies and fervent sympaties of her nature.

It is in these circumstances, that we practically learn the value and support of woman's love, and are enabled fully to appreciate

"How much the WIFE is dearer than the bride."

Hitherto, the duties of the married pair have has been one and indivisible. Like two straight lines, they have run parallel, without contact or collision. There are, however, duties peculiar to the sexes, and on the due performance of which, very much of the comfort and peace of society depends.

The wife claims, as her right, a full participation in the honours, rank, and property of her husband. It may seem hardly necessary to specify much on this head, for who can suppose a man so devoid of feeling, or of honour, as to refuse to the partner of his bed, her full share in all his temporal enjoyments? Who would be so selfish as to withhold

from his wife her full portion of whatever blessings a kind providence has provided for their mutual wants? But even this is not enough. A maintenance is but a small part of what a wife has a right to receive from her husband. What is even an ample maintenance, if it be not enjoyed? and how impossible is this unless it be accompanied by kindness, tenderness, and respectful treatment, in words and actions? Alas! for want of these endearments, many a woman, who by her dress and equipage, tells the world that she has a husband who spares no expense to gratify her, is, in all her finery, to be considered only as a gaudy victim, as little to be envied, as the devoted animal which stood at the altar, crowned with garlands and glittering fillets.

A tender husband will consider it his duty to provide not only for the present wants and comforts of his wife, but more especially for those which widowhood and bereavement may hereafter require. He will make a suitable provision for her after his decease, in just proportion to the situation and comforts of life to which she has been accustomed. To neglect this, shews want of

love, and affectionate consideration, and is, in fact, an act of real cruelty.

The husband has, in return, a claim on the obedience of his wife. Order is heaven's first law: but without subordination there can be no order. —Divine wisdom has ordained that the wife should submit herself to her husband, as the superior; and that, in all things pertaining to their families, he, and he only, should possess absolute power in all lawful things. In the disposal of his time, and his property; in his connexions, which are regulated by a man's calling in life, it is fair to presume that it is the wisest part of discretion, that a wife should leave these things to her husband's management. It need not surely be observed, that the superiority which is thus claimed for the husband, is not that of a master over a slave. The superiority with which he is invested, is founded in reason, and maintained by love. God has not required from woman the submission of a slave; but a reasonable and advantageous submission, such as a man of good sense knows it becomes him to receive, and such as an affectionate wife will yield with pleasure.

Man, shunning either indiscreet extreme,
Leaves woman not oppress'd, and not supreme.

A prudent wife will take especial care to afford her husband no ground of suspicion, either as to her virtue, or her affection. She will frown on the senseless compliments of idle, or wicked men. When a woman becomes pleased with flattery, she is not, it is fair to infer, displeased with the flatterer. She may, therefore, show him marks, though innocent, of her favour; but she may be well assured that the husband who hears another compliment his wife, and perceives her pleased with the flatterer, will become uneasy.

One of the most important of female virtues, is discretion; or that prudence by which her actions, both at home and abroad, with intimates and strangers, in business and in leisure, is duly regulated and governed. It is a virtue to be inculcated on married women, with the more earnestness, because they appear, in several respects, to be in greater danger than the single, of being led by custom, or hurried by inadvertence, to disregard it. Too often do they deem themselves exempt by their marriage, from the observance of that delicacy and decorum, which they regard as the

exclusive virtues of single life; hence they too often indulge themselves without concern, in a freedom of manners, and a levity of conversation, from which the fear of incurring censure, and exciting disgust, had previously taught them to refrain. Such women not unfrequently, regarding marriage as bestowing some desirable accessions of liberty, plunge with augmented eagerness into the hurry of dissipation, and are little scrupulous as to the society with which they are connected. The remonstrance of a husband is deemed a reflection on their character, and the slightest check on the career of their pleasure, an act of tyrannical control. Admitting, however, their giddiness and their vanity to be blameless; and their manners and conversation to have been clear of every imputation, except that of thoughtless imprudence, a heavy charge will yet remain. The feelings of a husband have been deeply wounded; and the warmth of his affection exposed to risk; whilst the wife has laid herself open to the insinuations of calumny; has exhibited a dangerous example; trodden a most dangerous path: hazarded her own happiness, and that of those who ought to be most

dear to her, by her culpable neglect, and disregard of discretion.

Family duties will engage much of the time and attention of a prudent woman. We do not require at her hand, ought of drudgery or servility; but it is absolutely necessary for the comfort of her own home, and for the happiness of her family, that she be not ignorant of those various duties which are the most indispensable, the most appropriate branch of female knowledge. Without this knowledge, however she may inspire admiration abroad, she will never excite esteem, nor, of course, durable affection at home, or bring credit or comfort to her ill-starred partner. The domestic arrangements of a judicious woman, will resemble those of Providence, whose under agent she is. Her wisdom will be seen in its effects; and will be sensibly acknowledged in the peace, the happiness, the virtue of the component parts; in the order, regularity, and beauty of the whole system, of which she is the moving spring. It is said of the all accomplished wife of Evelyn, that with all her advantages of person, fortune, and situation in life, she was not above "the care of cakes, and stilling, and sweetmeats, and such useful things." "Wo-

men," she herself says, in one of her letters, "were not born only to read authors, and censure the learned, to compare lives, and judge of virtues, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the muses. The care of children's minds, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities amongst us."

Of the duties which we owe to our DOMESTIC SERVANTS, something must be said. Their comfort and happiness will not be overlooked by a kind or generous employer, but their welfare will be the object of his attention and solicitude. On them depend the comfort and prosperity of the family; and if we would have them careful, honest, and diligent, we must treat them with consideration and feeling. At fit and convenient seasons they should be indulged with visits to their friends; nor should we grudge the pains of contriving opportunities for the indulgence. One must not be permitted to tyrannize over the others; in hearing their complaints, we must be patient; in enquiring into faults, candid; and in reproving their errors, temperate and unruffled. By a false

economy, we must not be tempted to withhold a fair and adequate remuneration for their services; nor to exact from them labours beyond their strength, or to which their numbers are not fully adequate. We should so act, as that our household may know and feel that we are their real friends; then our government will be loved, and our authority respected. Over their morals, we must exercise a judicious oversight, and encourage them in the duties and practice of piety and virtue; furnishing them, as immortal and responsible beings, with every reasonable means of religious instruction. Having done this, the judicious mistress of a family, will not shrink from a personal discharge of her domestic duties. She will never delegate her authority or her power to a servant's hands; for she would thereby lay herself open to fraud and deceit, and afford opportunity and facilities for dishonesty and profusion.

But before we close this Essay, we must consider the husband and wife as connected by a further tie, as PARENTS. The first duty towards their offspring, devolves on the mother, who, it is presumed, unless her maternal feelings yield to the sway of fashion, and to the indifference of apathy,

will be her own nurse, and train the infant mind from its first dawn of reason, to piety, virtue, and learning.

> Ye who resign the mother's charge, to share
> Some hireling nurse's mercenary care,
> Ah! wherefore, thus, unfeelingly forego
> The tenderest joys that womanhood can know?
> Why, in despite of Nature's dictates, scorn
> The breast to cherish, what the womb hath borne?

Early separation from its parents, is a thing unnatural in itself, as well as highly prejudicial to the heart, temper, comfort, and well-being of the child. It is, moreover, destructive of the kind, benevolent, open-hearted, affectionate feelings of the filial relation.

It is the province and the especial duty of the mother, to correct the wayward tempers, to restrain the passions, and to form the manners and morals of her infant offspring. To her belongs the duty also of communicating the first principles of knowledge, and of impressing on their tender minds the obligations of religion. All these things require great simplicity of language, gentleness of manner, and laborious patience; and who so competent to so difficult, and so important a task, as

the female parent? Who will so readily, or so suitably, condescend to the tender capacity of infancy, as she whom nature has so wisely fitted by affection and gentleness, for this labour of love? Let us, however, guard the mother against undue indulgence to the little petitions, or blind partiality, to the errors of her infants. It will often require a more than ordinary degree of firmness and principle, to resist the coaxing solicitations of the little supplicants, or to withstand the teazing importunities with which infantine ingenuity will urge the oft refused petition. Injudicious indulgence is the source of the bitterest evils, both to the parent, to the child, and to society at large. A spoiled, self-willed child is his own tormentor, and the destroyer of all domestic peace. Let, therefore, the mildness of the parent be mingled with its authority. Let the request which reflection has induced you once to deny, never be subsequently yielded, either to clamour, or to cunning, or to the persuasions and enticements of coaxing fondness. Let all reproof and correction be administered with moderation, temper, and manifest reluctance; let not anger or sudden passion ever influence, or appear to influence, your deter-

minations; mingle judicious, and well timed commendation, with your precepts and advice; avoid the injustice, as well as the impolicy, of partiality to one child in preference to another; attach to you your children by a promptitude to reward their virtues; tender to them cheerfully your advice in all their little perplexities; pardon their trifling errors; remove sorrow from the heart that is yet untouched by the withering hand of care; stimulate their zeal, diligence, and attention, by kind encouragement; direct them in the choice of their associates; condescend to their infant years, and be their friend as well as their parent. Be careful never to break a promise; never be angry about mere trifles and inadvertencies. Let your authority be absolute, during the childhood of your children: but be careful never to reprove or correct in anger. Receive with kindness the first discoveries of sorrow for an offence: and never extort the confession of a fault, by the threat of punishment. Be firm, but not severe. Let the frivolity, heedlessness, and playfulness of your children, be borne without anger or pettishness on your part.

If a parent educate his children from infancy to

boyhood at a distance from home, how can he express or feel disappointment, if the paternal home be forgotten, or if the child become indifferent to the welfare and happiness of his family, with which he is not connected by a single tie of juvenile recollection, or filial endearment! Let it also be recollected, that absence is as fatally prejudicial to the feelings of the paternal, as of the filial heart. How kindling to the best and purest affections of our nature, is the delight with which parental partiality regards the infant family.

> Oh! what delight the father feels to see
> Thy bud and blossom, sweet humanity!
> With modest rapture, heretofore untried,
> He clasps his babe, and views his smiling bride,
> 'Tis Nature's voice; and if perfection crown,
> One *loveliest* babe,—'tis EVERY MOTHER'S OWN.

But we are particularly anxious to impress on both parents the duty they owe their family, not only in personal attention, and due provision for their wants and education, but as CHRISTIANS.—They have brought into the world those who are to live not only as sons, and daughters, and citizens, but as rational, accountable beings—persons who must hereafter give an account of their actions.

in this life, and be happy or miserable for ever, according to their conduct here. Let then the religion and moral education of their children, be that duty whose importance is duly acknowledged, and which is persevered in with the most unremitting diligence. Begin early with the infusion of religious ideas into the minds of children; sow in their yet tender minds, the seeds of truth, and piety, and virtue; and implant those few great and leading principles, which are the foundation of all religion: and, having thus early trained them up to piety and virtue, we may hope that Heaven will approve your care, and prosper your efforts in the honour, respectability, and happiness of your offspring.

FINIS.

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